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The Nation

VOL. XCI.—NO. 2352. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1910. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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An editorial in THE CHICAGO EVENING POST says:

The first number of *The Forum* to be published under the aegis of Mitchell Kennerley gives us hopes. Not very often has a magazine been so improved in type, in cover design and in general arrangement. In appearance *The Forum* may now be said to display an unusual combination of sound yet conspicuous taste. In its contents it is quite unusually good—fresh, vigorous and many-sided. The contributors are evenly divided between England and America. "Charles Vale" writes a spirited article on Mark Twain as an orator, and Julius Chambers a defence (rather unjudicial) of American newspapers. These are the only articles of literary or semi-literary interest, though George Meredith's "Celt and Saxon," and H. G. Wells' "The New Machiavelli" are serials to entice the select.

Poetry in the revised *Forum* is not "filler." Bliss Carman and Curtis Hidden Page contribute ambitious verse that is worthily presented. Frank Harris is the only short-story teller included. He is one of the best living writers of the short story, though "The Irony of Chance" is not of his best work. It has a big idea, but ends in a squib.

The best material in this "review magazine" is undoubtedly supplied by George Bourne, C. W. Saleeby, Thomas F. Millard and Temple Scott. The article on King George by the first-named and on Karl Marx by the last-named are of the kind for which one pines in vain in the dull, orthodox reviews to which this country submits.

We wish *The Forum* well. It has made radical improvements and should become the significant intellectual monthly in America.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft's appointment of a negro as collector of the "port" of Georgetown, D. C., will inevitably be attributed by some to political motives. There is a large negro vote in Ohio which is just now demanding attention as well as "recognition." But Mr. Taft has all along signified his purpose to bestow important Federal offices upon negroes, and this District appointment is in line with the conditions which he has said he should require. It has, besides, some humorous aspects. The President had before nominated a white local politician, but the Senate refused to confirm him. There was a demand by the citizens of the District that the office should be given to a man out of politics but in the District. No politicians and no non-residents, was the cry. Accordingly, Mr. Taft selected a real estate agent who happened to be a negro. The appointment, however, has not prevented the National Negro Independence League from resolving to throw its political strength against Republican Congressmen in the coming elections, partly on the ground that the President refuses to appoint colored men to office in places where any considerable number of white people object, but more because the Republican party has made no effort to carry out its platform pledges to the negro. Unsettled race questions have no pity for the repose of political parties.

What gives the postal savings bank system its most serious importance is well indicated by the character of the letters written by postmasters, especially in small towns, when applying for the designation of their offices as branch postal savings banks. A number of examples of these were given in the dispatches of last week. Conspicuous among the matters mentioned was, of course, the case of newly-settled foreigners, who are afraid to trust anything less sure than the United States Government with their savings; but quite apart from this there is evidently a general conviction that among wage-earners and other persons of small income there are large numbers for whom the opportunity of investing small earnings with perfect safety and without inconvenience will make all the difference between saving and not saving. In the case of large cities, there has really been no excuse for any person of moderate intelligence being deterred from laying by what he can, for lack of a safe place in which to put it, and the interest which our large and perfectly safe savings institutions pay is much larger than what the Government will offer; but in the small towns and the country districts these facilities do not exist. By bringing them to the people's doors, and inviting deposits from recent immigrants and from many others in the ranks of labor who are afraid to trust anything that does not carry the Government's guarantee, habits of thrift and a bracing self-respect should be promoted among thousands.

It is not only against bad laws, or against grasping "interests," that the struggle for the conservation of our national resources has to be directed. Destruction and deterioration through want of proper care cause a vast loss to the country every year. This is especially and most lamentably true in the matter of forest fires. We are making some progress in the direction of protecting the forests against this terrible destruction, but we have not yet risen to the necessities of the case. The tales that the dispatches are telling nowadays of forest fires in the Northwestern States and in Alaska make doleful reading. Of course, it is not only Government lands, but also private possessions, that are being thus devastated, and towns and villages are often wiped out by them. In whatever way the cost of an efficient system of protection against these fires might be distributed between national and local governments and private owners, the money that it would cost would be superlatively well invested. It is to be hoped that the approaching conservation congress will make an earnest effort to advance the system of protection against forest fires to a point far beyond that which it has reached.

Washington reports a turn in the tide of American immigration into Canada. Thousands of settlers from the United States are recrossing the border, and, in the company of other thousands who have hitherto kept their homes in the Prairie States, will move southward upon Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. The probabilities are that the extent of this new migration has been exaggerated in the preliminary reports. The beginning of the American movement into Canada is so recent, and in the main it has proved so strikingly successful, that it is hard to imagine a real turning of the tide for many years to come. If, however, this sudden veering of the American pioneer flow from the chilly plains of the Canadian West towards the sub-tropical climate of our own South should really take on measurable form, it will be to the sociologist, no less than to the practical man, one of the most dramatic and significant folk-movements on this continent. For Canada it would mean that her new-grown sense of independence would be heightened, when British and other European immigrants entirely replace the American settler. In this country, it would exemplify, in striking form, the passing of the pioneer stage of agriculture. The American farmer, finding the way to him closed in the West, turns back in his tracks and hunts about for the vacant lands that hitherto, in his opulence of broad acres, he has neglected.

The President has registered his protest against the traditional two-weeks' summer vacation of the forefathers. Sixty days, he told the good people of Bar Harbor, are not too much in which to make up for the wear and tear of ten months of business. Here is another instance of how Mr. Taft seems bound to keep on differentiating himself, in the public mind, from a recently returned African traveller. Could such a gospel of Capuan dalliance conceivably issue from Sagamore Hill? Is anything more needed to prove Mr. Taft's innate fondness for the flabby and the conservative as against the strenuous and the insurgent? Two months! In two months what could not a man with real, red blood in his veins accomplish? Not in two months, but in a single week, some one recently settled Egypt's business.

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Not in two months, but after a single night's tramp with a British Minister through English woodlands, some one recently evolved an article on English song-birds which may be found in last week's *Outlook*. Not in two months, but in five days of ocean travel, some one recently wrote a chapter on Protective Colorations in Animals, which takes issue with prevailing views on the subject, and is to form the concluding chapter of a volume treating of Atrican game trails. Silly optimists who still hope that Mr. Roosevelt will endorse the Taft Administration, are invited to consider this latest plea of the President in favor of a two months' summer vacation.

Reports from the West that the insurgent Republicans were seriously thinking of founding a "third party," with Roosevelt and Bryan as its Castor and Pollux, were from the first too ridiculous for credence, though this did not prevent much grave newspaper comment. Now, however, both Senator Cummins, in whose "personal organ" the suggestion was made, and Senator Bristow stamp the whole yarn as an invention. The insurgents are to make their fight within their own party. If they lose, they may conclude to keep on struggling or possibly to go over to the Democrats temporarily. If they win, they will be in a strong position and able with much more reason than before to demand that the Republican leaders do something to appease the dissatisfaction of which insurgency is the expression. It will be noticed that both Cummins and Bristow keep pounding away on the tricks and frauds in the Payne-Aldrich bill. Speaker Cannon refers to this as an attempt to "put the Republican party out of business." It may prove, however, a means of putting it in the business of making a really honest revision of the tariff.

With the motives and aim of the Camp-Fire Club, in its broadside against the policy of Secretary Nagel in reference to the fur seals of the Pribilof Islands, one may be in full sympathy without at the same time being convinced that the facts it cites are beyond challenge, or that the weight of expert opinion is certainly on its side. The gist of its complaint is that the bill passed by Congress last April was intended to enforce a close season, whereas Secretary Nagel proposes to go on killing a certain number of male seals. But reference to the act itself shows that the whole was left to the discretion of the Secretary of Commerce. There was nothing mandatory in the law. Its chief aim was to aid in preventing pelagic sealing, and the diminution of the herd by the slaughter of females. Yet a long list of experts, headed by President Jordan, are of the opinion that both ends will best be attained by killing every year on the islands, under Government regulation, a certain percentage of males. The Camp-Fire Club exclaims that this is not at all what it expected, or what its own members believe to be the true policy; but the case as it stands is obviously not one for violent attack, on either side, but for careful inquiry into the exact facts and a determination by the highest authority just how we ought to proceed. Secretary Nagel is beyond question as eager as the Camp-Fire Club to preserve the seals; as to the scientific method of doing so, he thinks he has better advice than it has. The thing to do is not to rail at him, but to convict him of ignorance.

Of the two companies which have taken the lead in sending up the price of bottled milk to 9 cents a quart, one company was shown in Attorney-General O'Malley's report to the New York Legislature last April to have paid 12 per cent. dividends every year since its organization. In 1909 it paid 22 per cent. in dividends. It must have been this desperate absence of profit that compelled the company in question to increase the price from 8 cents to 9 last November. Bowing before public opposition and the possibility of prosecution by the State, the milk companies went back to the old price—after five or six months. With courage worthy of a better cause they now return to the attack. If this time the milk companies mean to stick, the Attorney-General's report has laid sufficient basis for a thorough testing out of the question. If the manœuvre is to be the old one of holding out against public clamor for a couple of months and retiring gracefully with a heavy extra profit, the case is more reprehensible still. The reasons for the latest increase in prices are the same hard-worked reasons of last year and the year before. There is the high price which the companies claim to be paying the farmer, and which it has been repeatedly shown they do not pay. There is, in the second place, the season. All seasons smile upon the milk operator. He raises prices in the late fall, in winter, and in midsummer. Unlike the Russians against Napoleon, who had Generals January and February on their side, the milk companies have all the generals from January to December with them.

Legislators who enter into bi-partisan combinations may read a warning in the news from Illinois. Last week, at a conference of Democrats at Lincoln, a movement was begun to defeat for renomination those Democratic members of the Legislature who helped the Republican ring elect Shurtleff Speaker and Lorimer Senator. To a bitter denunciation of these "traitors," the conference added an excoriation of Roger C. Sullivan, the Democratic boss, who is held primarily responsible for the party's disgrace. On the same day it was announced that Gov. Deneen and his friends would conduct a campaign against every one of the thirty-two Lorimer-Shurtleff Republicans who refused to enter the party caucus, and constituted the Republican end of the bi-partisan merger. The Governor himself will go into every district where these men are striving for renomination and raise the clear issue that this is "a question of control by the dominant political party or by an irresponsible bi-partisan alliance." All this is in line with the action of the Wisconsin Democratic Convention which read out of the party three Assemblymen who made possible the election of the Republican Senator Stephenson a year ago by absenting themselves from the session. These protests against corrupt bi-partisanship seem to indicate that so long as party responsibility is an accepted fact in our political system, the party must be made actually responsible. All of which, we may remark, is just as true of New York as of Illinois or Wisconsin.

There is at least one man in the world who has remained faithful to the cause to which, in the stirring days of '96, Mr. William Jennings Bryan declared his undying devotion. Mr. Bryan clung to silver with undiminished zeal in 1900,

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and held on with some firmness in 1904; but since that time it has faded out into the dim recesses of his mind. Mr. Moreton Frewen, however, is not only unwavering in his fidelity, but strikes ever and ever again the same old note, and utters again and again the same dismal prophecies. The fall of exchange with Asia continues to hang over the destiny of the Western world, threatening its civilizations with destruction. Vast industries are being built up in China, he says in a letter to the London *Spectator*, through the beneficent workings of cheap money; in certain great lines he is convinced that "a quarter of a century of present exchange rates with China will wipe out all her white competitors." But we have already had a quarter of a century in which an abysmal fall has taken place in the gold-value of silver, and about fifteen years in which silver has been continuously worth (in gold) only half what it used to be, or less; and yet no beginning has been made towards that consummation. Chinese exports have been growing at a jog-trot rate, and imports have been growing likewise—no sign of a Westward flood driving out Occidental industry.

From the mixed results of Saturday's Democratic primaries in Texas, it is possible to argue that real issues will bring out a real expression of opinion from the electors. Even Texas heat did not prevent four hundred thousand Democrats from going to the polls, either because they wanted to have something to say on the prohibition question—the chief issue in this contest—or because they were interested in one of the four candidates for Governor. The returns show, however, that a considerable proportion of the electors must have disregarded the platform on which the candidates stood, for, while the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor was carried by some twenty thousand votes, Oscar B. Colquit, an anti-prohibitionist, who opposed submission, seems to have won over his opponents by almost sixty thousand plurality. Judge Poindexter, who is an ardent submissionist, and who had the support of Senator Bailey, ran about even for second place with Gene Johnson, the unconditional prohibitionist. Many minor issues were injected into the campaign which ended Saturday, part of them personal and part sectional, but if the result shows anything it is that the electors used their discrimination to such an extent that they have chosen Colquit, despite the fact that he is opposed to a proposal which a large majority of his party supporters have endorsed.

The way in which selection interferes with the making of trustworthy causal inferences from statistics is constantly being illustrated by such inquiries as those dealing with the effects of smoking on colleges students. A very careful investigation of this kind, conducted by Dr. George L. Meylan of Columbia University, is summarized in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It comes out quite plainly, for example, that the percentage of smokers who do well in their studies is very much smaller than that of non-smokers; but Dr. Meylan feels bound to call attention to the fact that there are in college two quite different classes of students, those who go to college with an earnest purpose as students and those who go chiefly for the pleasures or social attractions of college life, and that a vastly greater percentage of the latter class is, of course, to be found among the smokers than among the non-smokers. Thus it cannot be inferred that it is the smoking that makes the poor scholarship, the only thing to say is that the two things are apt to go together. Fortunately, however, quite apart from statistics of this kind, "all scientists are agreed that the use of tobacco by adolescents is injurious," and accordingly Dr. Meylan urges parents, teachers, and physicians to "strive earnestly to warn youths against its use."

Hard luck continues to pursue the British protectionists. When Mr. Chamberlain started his great campaign against free trade, seven or eight years ago, his heaviest gun was the fact that for three or four years the volume of British exports had been about stationary; but, as ill luck would have it, the figures almost immediately began mounting up, and in 1907 they reached the colossal total of £426,000,000, as against £290,000,000 in 1903. After the world-wide depression of 1907, the amount of British exports naturally declined, the total for 1908 and 1909 being £377,000,000 and £378,000,000, respectively; but the returns for the first six months of the present year indicate that 1910 will probably break even the unexampled record of 1907. Exports of domestic products from the United Kingdom, for the half year ending June 30, 1910, exceed those for the corresponding period of 1909 by £27,000,000; so that, unless something should occur to check the steady upward movement that has been manifested during the past few months, the total for the year may be expected to surpass that for 1907. What makes the showing all the more remarkable is the fact that average prices of the exported articles were presumably lower in 1910 than in 1907, the *Economist's* index number having decidedly fallen. With British manufactures and commerce thus perversely prospering under the blight of free trade, the Conservatives would be having uphill work trying to win a majority in the House of Commons on the issue of "tariff reform," if the general election were now on.

The speedy collapse of the strike on the Northeastern Railway in England suggests some reflections that are just now very much in point for our own country. What brought the strike to an end was the refusal of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants to recognize and finance the fight of the strikers. This indicates that the sobriety and cool judgment which became characteristic of the great trades unions of England forty or fifty years ago, after a preceding period of wild combativeness, have not disappeared from their councils. There has recently grown up in this country a disposition among large numbers of well-meaning and otherwise intelligent persons to espouse the side of the strikers in any contest without inquiry either into the merits of their contentions or the possibilities of the business situation. There is, of course, a point of view from which practically every strike will command the sympathy of kind-hearted persons; we all feel that the lot of the workers is comparatively hard. But if we are to act simply on that consideration, we ought not to stop at approving and assisting every strike actually declared, but should instigate a universal strike; in other words, should go in for revolution.

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"DEMOCRATIC" AS A LABEL.

"Government by label" has justly been called one of the leading political vices of modern times. We are all tempted to be nominalists in politics. It is so easy to affix a tag to a given movement or measure—to say, oracularly, "This is socialistic," "This savors of anarchy," or, worst of all, "This is un-American." Yet the effort of the thoughtful citizen should obviously be to pierce through names to realities; to test definitions by examples. Really intelligent opinions cannot be formed, much less can a discriminating vote be cast, on the basis of adjectives or epithets, whether they be applied by friends or enemies of any bill or project or party. Statutes may be passed to assure us that a package stamped "pure food" will really contain it, but there is no law and no authority to guarantee, by the label, that a proposal or political device is of the essence of pure democracy. Yet the description "democratic" or "undemocratic" is confidently employed on all hands, more freely than almost any other in use.

An amusing but instructive example of this was given in the recent set debate in the House of Commons on the woman suffrage bill. That measure was attacked both because it was too democratic and because it was undemocratic. Winston Churchill opposed it because it was undemocratic in giving propertied women the franchise while excluding their poverty-stricken sisters. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not vote for it because it was not democratic enough. Similarly, the Prime Minister objected that there was no clear "principle" in the bill, and that it was plainly not democratic. Upon all this playing fast and loose with the term "democratic," Mr. Balfour made a really admirable comment. He refused to be caught in the tangle of question-begging epithets. For him it was not a question of ready-made categories or doctrinaire "principles," but of actual political realities. The distinction which he would make, and which he did make with a force that can be but poorly indicated by a mere extract, was substantially as follows.

My view is that a democracy, properly understood, is governed by consent, broadly speaking. The idea that you can give to every citizen in this country of a given age exactly the same weight in the counsels of the Empire, or that, if you did give them precisely and exactly the same weight, we should get on better than now—all that seems to me to be rather visionary. But I do think that whenever you get to the point that a class feels itself as a class excluded, and outraged by being excluded, then those who believe that democracy, properly understood, is the only possible government for any nation at the stage of political evolution which we have reached must consider whether it is not their business to try to see that the government which is by hypothesis not a government by consent can be turned into government by consent.

Do not answer me by saying, "How loose is the phrase 'government by consent.' How are you going to define it and put it in an act of Parliament?" You cannot put it in an act of Parliament. You cannot put it into any formulæ. Is it on that account worse suited to deal with conditions so complex as those of our modern civilization, and are we not sufficient statesmen to refuse to reject a system because we cannot clear-cut every frontier of our case and be able to say with perfect precision that this instance falls outside your rubric and that instance within? Therefore my ground, broadly speaking, is not a ground of right, and I refuse to be frightened by all the arguments used by the Prime Minister that if you once admit a right you do not know where it will end. I do not admit the right, but I do say that when women have begun, or any large and important section of women have begun, to feel that they suffer under an hereditary disability it is your business to consider the situation and to see if you cannot remedy that grievance.

We are not now concerned with the particular application which Mr. Balfour made of this reasoning to the bill before Parliament; we merely wish to signalize it as the kind of reasoning which has made Anglo-Saxon government the thing it is, and of which we cannot have too much. It embodies, that is to say, the sort of cautious inquiry and feeling one's way politically, with an entire rejection of the either-or logic, and a sweeping conclusion from a general principle, which have made our liberties slowly broaden down and not come in crashes and revolutions. If certain classes of women are given the Parliamentary franchise in England, it will be because men like Mr. Balfour feel that the women have at last fairly "made out their case," and not at all because Englishmen are as yet ready to draw severely logical inferences from some assumed grand axiom of democracy, or are prepared to jump lightly from one case to another alleged to be on all-fours with it. It is this kind of slow-footed advance and refusal to be deluded by names that led Bagehot to thank God that his countrymen were not logical in their politics. There is, however, the truest kind of political logic in this method which insists upon searching the premises to the bottom before undertaking to draw general conclusions.

If in this country our philosophers were statesmen, or our statesmen philosophers, they would have abundant occasion at the present time to warn their fellow-citizens against being led astray by political labels. In particular they need to be on their guard against the all too facile use of the word "democratic." The very fact that it is a noble name, standing for something that is now in our very life-blood, and connected with our brightest hopes of progress, is a reason why we should not permit it to be indiscriminately used in every recurring political hurly-burly. A thousand things are said to be needed or inevitable because they are democratic, and a thousand others are condemned because they are not. Direct nominations, the referendum, the recall, election of United States Senators by direct vote—all these have the label "democratic" eagerly affixed to them, or angrily torn off. But if our democracy is true to its genius, it will not permit itself to be deceived by tags. It will patiently hear what is said and test each case as it comes up, seeking to discover on which side lies the weight, not of assertion but of argument, and will not be afraid of being denounced for acting on the rule of thumb. A thumb is at least a real thing, whereas a label may be only an airy nothing.

PROGRESS IN CITY GOVERNMENT.

For something like half a century the defects and vices of our municipal governments have been acknowledged, by the common consent of all thinking persons, as the one worst exhibit of our great American experiment with democracy. When, in 1893, Mr. Bryce—at once the most friendly and optimistic and the most competent of our foreign critics—said, in his "American Commonwealth," that "there is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States," he made an assertion which, so far from being startling, was but the statement of an undisputed fact. Indeed, the feeling was widely entertained that the vicious character of our city governments was ineradicably connected either with

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our democratic system or with the essential qualities of our people, and that all attempts at radical improvement were doomed to failure.

To-day there is no standing-ground for such a view. Substantial progress toward higher standards, both of honesty and efficiency, has been made by most of our American cities. Part of this progress has been effected simply by the advance of public opinion; but a much greater part has come through an improved organization of municipal government. For the past two or three decades there has been a steady growth of the idea that the old aldermanic system was essentially unsuited to the handling of our municipal problems, and charter after charter has been adopted in which the central idea was a concentration of responsibility upon a few persons charged with definite administrative duties and clothed with ample powers. The commission system, which has lately been attracting so much attention, is but the culmination of this movement. It is not a brand-new manifestation; there is nothing revolutionary about it. What limitations are to be set upon its usefulness or desirability remains to be seen; in the meanwhile, there is no denying the remarkable and beneficial results it has accomplished in the moderate-sized but important cities in which it has been tried. The changes that have been wrought in Galveston, in Houston, in Dallas, and in Des Moines, make a most impressive story.

The extinction of graft is a common feature in all these cases, and is in itself a great thing. But the story does not end there. Under the commission system of efficiency and responsibility we hear of municipal credit reestablished, great sanitary improvements installed, business enterprise promoted, splendid park extensions effected, and so forth—all this in a remarkably short space of time, and without any increase of taxation. What such a change in the spirit and character of city government may mean to the happiness of the people, in the course of a generation or two, may easily be conjectured; and, moreover, we have only to look at the progress in beauty and comfort of the German cities which have long enjoyed government of the highest excellence to have ocular demonstration of its possibilities.

Whether a form of government which does well for a city of 50,000 or 100,000 with a comparatively homogeneous population is equally adapted to a great metropolis of cosmopolitan population and with problems far more complex and formidable is, of course, an open question. The experience of Des Moines or Houston, though valuable, is not conclusive; it is probable that similar experiments in larger cities will present more difficulty. But, in the meantime, a vast amount of light has been thrown on the general question of the honesty and efficiency that it is possible to secure by a proper distribution of responsibility, and on the still broader question of the benefits resulting therefrom. The experiment which Mayor Gaynor is now carrying on in New York city is of essentially the same nature. He has cut loose from many a vicious tradition and precedent, and has gone right to the heart of the question of responsible and efficient administration in one direction after another.

In most of the cities that have adopted the commission plan the "recall" has been made part of the system. Of course, this is not an essential feature of the plan, but it is regarded by many of its advocates as in the highest degree important. On this head it should be remarked that the question of the advisability of the recall in the case of municipal officers is of a wholly different character from the same question as applied to members of a legislature or to other political officers. One obvious objection to the commission plan is the placing of unusual discretionary powers in the hands of a few administrative officials; and the recall is designed as a check on the possible abuse of these powers. It has been said, apparently with good ground, that the success of the commission experiment in Des Moines turned largely on the potential use of the recall in the case of some of the commissioners first elected; when these showed signs of a failure to live up to their responsibilities, the prospect of a recall soon sent them back into the middle of the road. The idea of the recall as a universal medicine is repugnant to the spirit of representative government; but it does not follow that it is undesirable as a precautionary instrument for particular classes of offices. Of course, such talk as Mr. Garfield's, when he considered its possible application even to judgeships, is simply childish.

A "LAWYER'S COLUMN."

We have received a printed copy of the unconventional and pungent address which Mr. James Byrne of the New York bar delivered before the State Bar Association of North Carolina on June 29. Without wasting time on generalities about the obvious duty of lawyers as citizens and patriots, Mr. Byrne went swiftly to his point, which is that members of the legal profession are not so active as they ought to be in promoting the intelligent discussion of important public questions. Most of our legislative bodies are made up largely of lawyers; and nearly every burning political issue finally resolves itself into a dispute about laws, in force or proposed; yet lawyers as a rule do much less than politicians or editors in endeavoring to lead the voters to make right decisions.

To make his remedy for this evil concrete, Mr. Byrne urges the establishment of a "Lawyer's Column" in the newspapers. To it he would have members of the bar of high standing and good repute contribute accurate information especially about new laws under discussion. He gives a sample letter, of the kind which he thinks ought frequently to be published in the press, apropos of the railway bill which was passed in the last session of Congress. It consists of a careful and detached analysis of the existing Federal laws on the subject, put into proper relation with State laws, and then a summary statement of the arguments for and against the proposed changes in the law, with a forecast of their legal effect and probable operation in practice. The advantage which Mr. Byrne contends that a lawyer would have, in writing for the purpose of public enlightenment, is the exact habit of mind which leads to precise citation of statutes and bills, and of the decisions of courts in their full context and bearing, as opposed to the loose and slapdash methods of stump speakers, and the hasty writing and partial knowledge of newspapers.

The general idea seems to us to be excellent, and we admit the force of Mr. Byrne's argument for more serious and informed debate concerning the larger matters which agitate our politics. Editors will not be miffed by Mr. Byrne's

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quiet assumption that they are too often in ignorance of the precise state of the facts and the true effect of the law. If he can suggest a way of making up their deficiencies, we are sure that they would jump at the chance. Any newspaper would be glad to accept and print regular communications from the leading minds of the legal profession.

The true obstacles to Mr. Byrne's plan lie elsewhere. Could he bring his fellow-lawyers to the scratch? Many grave doubts present themselves. It is not only that able lawyers are very busy men, and that they are accustomed to be well paid for their written opinions. They are, as a class, very sensitive on the subject of having their motives possibly misconstrued. And they would know perfectly well that, if they were to go into print on the controverted political questions of the day, no matter with what pure and unselfish intentions, they would immediately be suspected of an ulterior purpose. If, for example, a leading lawyer were to write some public letters on a pending bill affecting railways, the sneer would at once be heard, "Oh, Mr. Habeas Corpus evidently wants a retainer!" Or, "I see that Mr. Nisi Prius is thinking of running for Congress!" In a word, the work which Mr. Byrne would lay upon his brethren would necessarily have the air of being professional; and everything of that kind, no matter how well meant, is open to unkind suspicions.

We very much fear, therefore, that any newspaper which put the words "Lawyer's Column" on one of its pages would find the space either unoccupied or wasted. The lawyers whom editors and the public would hear gladly would not write, while those for whose opinions nobody cared would do nothing but write. Moreover, they would be continually falling foul of each other, exposing each other's blunders and fallacies, intimating that the other fellow was no better than a pettifogger, and leaving the public rather more in the dark than before how to decide when lawyers differ. We also beg leave to intimate a doubt whether the average lawyer would at all be able to manœuvre his fleet of heavy-armed verbiage inside of Mr. Byrne's "column"! Yet the force of Mr. Byrne's contention remains great. Public discussion is far too trivial and ill-informed; and if the legal profession can in any way aid in making it more weighty and instructed, it is their duty to do so.

GREAT WRITERS THEN AND NOW.

The initial steps have recently been taken toward the formation in England of an Academy of Literature, which, like the French Academy, is to comprise forty members. The original members number twenty-seven, of whom the best-known are Alfred Austin, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Andrew Lang, Lord Morley, Sir Arthur Pinero, and George Macaulay Trevelyan. The list, it will be observed, is arranged alphabetically, a circumstance that has the unfortunate result of placing in the most conspicuous position the name of a writer of verse whom it is almost inconceivable that any representative body of literary men should include among the prospective "immortals," were it not for the accident of his official laureateship; but with this exception the list of the nine "best-known" among the twenty-seven elect represents, in every instance, a high order of literary merit. Possibly George Macaulay Trevelyan is written in the dispatches by error for George Otto Trevelyan; but either father or son would stand well in the company. Two additional members were selected by the original twenty-seven at their first meeting, which was held last week, these being Maurice Hewlett and A. C. Benson. The name of Kipling is conspicuous by its absence; and other names which will occur at once as having claims to a place alongside the names mentioned are those of Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells.

Leaving out Alfred Austin for reasons already indicated, and omitting Trevelyan on account of a reasonable doubt as to which Trevelyan is meant, we have a list of seven names—Dobson, Gosse, Hardy, James, Lang, Morley, and Pinero—representing, with a fair degree of accuracy, the height of literary eminence in the England of to-day; and it is a natural impulse—for men no longer young, at all events—to compare this array with what it might have been half a century ago. Then, as now, there would have been a great number of highly meritorious and highly appreciated writers from among whom a company of twenty-seven might have been selected in a great variety of ways; but the choice of seven is marked out with singular definiteness. Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray, Carlyle and Ruskin, and John Stuart Mill—these were the men who, in 1860, were the shining lights of English letters. To the last name, the objection might be made that he was more of a philosopher, economist, and publicist than a representative of "pure literature"; but it would be mere pedantry to exclude from the category of literature a voice like his, which influenced not only the thought but the sentiment of two generations.

Between the two sets of names there is a difference so profound as to be almost startling. It is not a mere difference of greater literary ability—a question of superior mastery of literary art or greater native powers of expression. There is a certain largeness, a certain breadth and sweep, a certain oneness with the great currents of life and thought, that is characteristic of each one of the seven great mid-Victorians, and is absent almost entirely from their present-day successors. Of all of the seven latter-day names, only those of Thomas Hardy and of John Morley represent that quality of high seriousness which belongs to every one of the earlier masters. In the case of Morley, however, notable as has been his record as a writer and a political worker, it is not as a primary source either of influence or illumination that we can think of him, but only as an unusually admirable writer of the second order. As for Hardy, it would be idle to attempt to appraise the merit of his subtle and profound creative work, and to compare it with such wholly dissimilar achievements as those of Dickens and Thackeray; but whatever the result of such comparison, the fact would still stand out that Hardy's work is, relatively speaking, that of a specialist—an artist with his own peculiar method addressed to one type of mind or to one mood of the soul—as against the wide sweep, the abounding humanity, the all-embracing appeal of his great predecessors. In the other fields—in poetry, represented by Tennyson and Browning, and in the great domains in which Carlyle and Ruskin and Mill held sway—there is of course to-day not even the most distant approach to the experience of the older time.

Nor can we flatter ourselves that the difference is merely apparent, and due

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to an illusion of distance. It was while these men were living, and in the prime of their powers, that their greatness was most amply recognized and most fully effective upon the minds and hearts of men. Indeed, with the single exception of Browning, we believe it may be said that the fame of all these mid-Victorian writers was nearly at its zenith in the year 1860. We are not counting others of the first rank who might be included if we were to anticipate by a little their coming eminence; for George Eliot had produced "Adam Bede" in 1859, and George Meredith's "Richard Feverel" appeared in the same year. Nor are we counting names which represent a vast popularity and vogue without having a deeper significance, such as Bulwer, or Charles Reade, or Trollope. In this great galaxy of seven names, each one meant, to millions of their contemporaries, a large element of life, a factor without which the world would not be the same. Of which of the seven "best-known" men in the new-born Academy can the like be said? Who among them is a centre of life-giving inspiration, a source of intellectual and spiritual sustenance? Whatever the reason, we have fallen upon a different time—a time when, with great currents of helpful energy and public-spirited zeal flowing alongside the mighty tides of commerce and industry and science and invention, there is yet a lack of something refreshing and vivifying and inspiriting which was poured forth mightily in days that in many ways were far darker.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN INDIA.

BOMBAY, India, July 1.

Despite the caricatures that Rudyard Kipling and other Anglo-Indian writers have seen fit to make of "Babu-English," there is no doubt that the Hindu has a better genius for learning foreign languages than has the Briton. Whereas the average Englishman, after virtually a lifetime in Hindustan, has a wofully inadequate vocabulary of Hindustani and an execrable pronunciation, hundreds of thousands of natives in India now speak and write faultless English; millions of boys and girls to-day are acquiring a more or less intimate acquaintance with the English and American masters of prose, poetry, and drama; and the volume of periodicals and books printed wholly or partly in English which daily pours from the presses in the Land of Ind has already assumed gigantic proportions, and year by year is growing in size.

At present there is not a town of any importance in the whole of the peninsula in which an English paper—fortnightly or weekly, if not daily—is not printed. These newspapers are set up and printed by natives, who also prepare and edit all literary matter and correct proofs. The metropolitan cities maintain English daily papers—Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Allahabad, and Lahore each possessing several dailies printed wholly in the language of the rulers, but brought out and read by the ruled. In these larger cities, several newspapers, also, are printed for the exclusive benefit of the Englishman domiciled in India, and for his half-breed brother, the Eurasian; but although they are edited, financed, managed, and read by the white man, they are invariably set in type and printed by natives. From Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Allahabad are issued monthly publications printed in English—all serious reviews, and with two exceptions unillustrated. One of the magazines in question, the *Modern Review*, prints color-types which nearly approach the excellence of colored illustrations in the best American magazines. It seems almost superfluous to add that many of these Indian papers and periodicals are set up by linotypes and printed on modern presses run by steam and electricity.

Exact figures are not available as to the actual number of English papers in India. The total number of all newspapers printed in Hindustan in 1905-06, however, was 747, whereas there were only 674 in the previous year. The number of periodical publications, for the same year, mounted up to 793, an increase of 283 above the preceding year. During this period the Indian post office statistics show that 44,045,566 individual pieces of current literature were received for delivery. At a rough estimate it may safely be assumed that out of this circulation at least one-fifth of the copies were printed in English. It must be remembered also that, India being a poor country, papers and periodicals pass from hand to hand, each copy being read by from ten to fifteen times the number of people that would read it in the United States. Considering the cheapness of Indian labor, current literature is much dearer in Hindustan than it is in America. In fact, the one-cent English daily is an unknown institution, even among the native community in India. The newspaper, as a rule, costs two cents, or more likely, three, four, five, or even six cents. The reason for this is that the newspaper—the English and the vernacular, native-conducted as well as foreign-managed—lacks the patronage of the advertiser.

In contrast with this, the Indian manages to print his books at a very low cost. The English books, especially, are a marvel of cheapness, the native edition of standard works whose copyright has expired being almost half the price charged for it in America. Among English publications, text-books for schools and colleges easily take the first place. The Indian publisher seems to be very ambitious to publish annotated standard books of English prose and poetry for use in the class-room, the notes being specially prepared by an English or native professor with the peculiar needs of the Indian pupil in mind. Deservedly these special editions are popular, and the student buys the foreign book only when he cannot find a reliable home edition.

Fiction and drama are poorly represented. This is probably due to the fact that, after all is said, English is a foreign language, and since the facile pen is the *sine qua non* of a novelist, the Indian must have recourse to his dialect, no matter how poor in expressions it may be. Besides, during the past few years, the native vernaculars have absorbed thousands of English words, and thus they are to-day a far better means of expression than they were a few years since. Of the few English novels written by Indians and printed in Hindustan last year, "Satyananda," by A. Madhaviah, published by the press of the *Mysore Review*, Bangalore, is the only volume of any importance. The action of the plot, which requires 422 pages to work itself out, takes place at Bengras, across between Madras and Bengal, the characters all being natives of the former presidency. You are made acquainted with the modern, Western-educated Indian lawyer, with his fine contempt for moral scruples, who in one respect, is like the American attorney in that he advertises himself through his patriotism and uses it as a ladder to fame, fortune, and position. Then there is the typical ignorant, superstitious Hindu wife, who succeeds in ruining the happiness of her family. You have almost a personal affection for the educated young Hindu, who still retains his religious orthodoxy, and who, no matter how he is circumstanced, invariably reveals himself as a true gentleman. You find depicted, with life-like reality, the treacherous Jesuit managers of an Indian college. The book affords an insight into the contempt with which the natives of the land regard the Christian missionaries, and also throws strong side-lights upon the hatred existing to-day between the white rulers and the brown ruled in Hindustan.

Another interesting English novel from the pen of an Indian, recently published, is "The Slave Girl of Agra," by Sirdar Jogendra Singh. It is an historical romance dealing with Mumtaz-Mahal, in whose memory the celebrated Taj Mahal was built by her surviving consort, the Emperor Shah Jahan. The story is well written and cleverly work-

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ed up. This volume has been issued by a London publisher, but is largely imported into India.

The great bulk of the English books, printed in India, save the text-books, are religious and metaphysical. The Hindu has been philosophical and mystic; and the leaders of India to-day are doing what they can to prevent the younger generation from abandoning the ancient religion; to this end they are providing translations and commentaries of the sacred books which the younger readers cannot read in the original. In the present decade, especially, this seems to be the dominant tendency, and, from the presses all over the country, pretentious and unpretentious volumes are poured out, all written with the purpose of keeping the young sheep from straying into the pastures of free thought, agnosticism, atheism, and Christianity—for among the orthodox natives the last-named is put on a par with the preceding heresies. Of the serious attempts recently made along this line a notable example is the volumes entitled "The Sacred Books of the Hindus," by Major Vamandas Basu, now being published by the Panini Office, Bahadurganj, Allahabad.

But for better or for worse, the Indian is losing his love for the metaphysical and is becoming more infatuated with politics. This change is strongly reflected in the English books issued in Hindustan. The leaders may redouble their activities to produce wholesome literature for the religious edification of the English-educated young Indians, yet the political pamphlet by far outnumbers the sacred book. Nearly all the political propaganda work is done through the medium of the English language and among the English-speaking Indians. As a natural result, the majority of the political books brought out in India are published in English.

This political literature may be divided roughly into two classes. The first is frothy and foamy, more or less with a red tinge, and contains nothing but agitation directed against the continuance of Great Britain's rule in India. The second is of a more serious character, it is written with a view to inspiring a sentiment of nationality in the incoherent masses of Hindustan, and appeals to them to arise from their slumber of ages and set out on the path of organized progress. On the one hand, the Indians are urged to give up the hampering ways and prejudicial institutions that have come down to them from the ages, and on the other they are enjoined not to permit themselves to be denationalized.

As showing the present trend of India, I may mention "The Tonsure of Hindu Widows," an essay by M. Subramanyam, B.A., B.L., published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. This little book is one of a series of prize essays brought out by authority of the Madras Hindu Association, which is interested in doing away with hindering religious practices. The author proves, by the "Shastras," the Hindu sacred books, that the practice of shaving the head of the widowed girl has no religious sanction, since they enjoin merely that a Hindu widow shall not dress her hair elaborately.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

Correspondence.

ART IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently a painter and critic who is well known in the art centres of the world said that, in his honest opinion, "the best art work to be done would shortly proceed from the universities." His statement compels us to consider the standing of art in the present-day American university.

Most of us consider that art is eminently respectable, but that artists are the precise reverse. We have a dim, vague notion that painting and sculpture, like poetry, are the results of a disordered brain. We expect the artist to be a "Bohemian"—which has a bad connotation—and we more than suspect that his charming pictures may be the product or even the direct result of a misspent life. Such is the idea of the public, and artists, as a class, foster these opinions; for many of them, when asked by admiring laymen how they paint pictures, will say that they have worked hard to master their technique, but, with a touch of pride, that they cannot explain how they do it—they really don't know. They leave one to imagine that their art has come straight from the gods, and that they, as the prophets of art, should be considered in a different light from other people. Thus the uninitiated imagine that art is not amenable to law; in short, that it is perfectly non-reasonable.

These two attitudes, that of the artist and that of the public, have determined more or less the present standing of art in the American university. Universities are local, no matter how much one may wish that they were national. There is the University of the East and the University of the West. Each includes art in its curriculum, and the treatment in each is the result of local conditions. The Eastern university realizes that art stands for culture, that much-abused word in the West. Art is, therefore, and for a long time has been, a part of her curriculum; it is taught from the literary and æsthetic standpoint, and here, for all practical purposes, the instruction begins and ends. Drawing is taught, of course, and some excellent design; our best masters of water color visit the university once or twice a week and criticise classes. The courses are, however, intended primarily for architects, for it is thought that other students who take up such studies are loafing. Few understand the value of these courses for laymen. The Western university, with her intense desire to *do* things, cannot afford to pay a good man to lecture on æsthetics and other impractical subjects. She is now laboring under the impression, in very many cases a mistaken one, that the people who are paying the taxes and supporting her must see the most tangible results possible, and that they do not appreciate the value of culture, and, consequently, art, *per se*. She, therefore, introduces classes in the arts and crafts, and leaves the rest severely alone. The great new West is really beginning to see the commercial value of æsthetics, however, and the universities will soon be confronted with a new aspect of the problem.

Now, as Sir Roger de Coverley would say, "there is a great deal to be said upon both sides." The Eastern attitude is over-conservative and senile; the Western ill-considered and puerile. The remedy is a combination of these two attitudes, for it can easily be seen that a fusing of the over-practical and the ultra-æsthetic will give a sane result. What would the combination of present Eastern and Western courses mean? Thorough and consistent study of the history of the fine arts and the conditions that produced them; color theory and the theory of pure design (at these the art schools laugh); technical courses in applied design and in the study of form and color to progress simultaneously with the æsthetics and the history. This combination will undoubtedly come, and it will probably have its inception in the West. In reconstructing the courses, why not try to give to art the same advantages that have been given to other courses, courageously, as if it were really "scientific" and worth while?

The great masters were thoroughly alive; they were well-informed men whose horizons were not limited by their own canvas and clay. We know that Michelangelo was an engineer; that Leonardo da Vinci, also an engineer, was one of the best chemists of his day; that blustering old Benvenuto "admits" that he could do anything at all and do it well. But, layman and artist may say, Leonardo was forced to be a chemist; he and all the rest of them were compelled to make their own colors. Truly a terrible misfortune. To what magnificent flights might their art have attained had they not been forced to take time from it to meddle with chemistry! That is the modern idea in a nutshell. If a man is going to paint let him paint and that is all.

The truth of the matter probably is that Da Vinci was a better painter because he was a good chemist, a good naturalist, and many other things. He was brought closer to the universal good; and seeing it from many different points understood that no good thing was the result of blind chance, and from his very reasonableness was able himself to do good things. The university must aim to teach art under the law; to create the demand for the broad-minded, cultured, and sane artist, and the pure and noble art. Just as soon as the artist becomes a broad-minded man, as soon as he becomes a good business man and can talk intelligently with other men about subjects not related directly to his art, just so soon will he take a great forward step for himself and for his art, and the universities should be the means of his doing so. Then hysterical children will not leave the high schools to study "art." On the contrary they will do sound work in the secondary schools, understanding fully its necessity; they will flock to the universities for sound training, technical and theoretical

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inseparably hand in hand. From their very reasonableness they will become the founders of a greater and more vital art, the stimulators of a deeper and truer thought, and will themselves be, as they will help others to be, better, more useful, and contented citizens.

CHARLES FABENS KELLEY.

University of Illinois, July 5.

EXPRESSIVE LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the centuries have passed, many peculiar expressions have crept into our language, but none more peculiar and expressive than those that have come as a result of our association with animals. To-day they are accepted by all as authentic and good English, particularly by those who are acquainted with the peculiarities and traits of animals.

We say "a man is a dark horse," and, knowing the horse and his racing associations, we know what kind of a man we are speaking of. Again, we say, "I will win the horse or lose the saddle," meaning, will gain or lose all. How often do we hear this expression when we are told of a good man going wrong, "'Tis a good horse that never stumbles." Then, again, we see some friend putting on airs, and we say, "He's on his high horse." Sometimes, when we lose through carelessness some valued object or position of trust, we plan to prevent such a recurrence—"when the horse is stolen, we lock the stable." If we see some one aspiring for a position he is not capable of filling, we say, "He's putting the cart before the horse." We hear a loud, boisterous, coarse laugh, and we exclaim, "What a horse laugh!" We see an awkward soldier on parade, and we consign him to "the horse marines," and, when we see a strong fellow, we say, "He's as strong as a horse."

The hog also has added his share to the expressions that make our language so forcible. When we see some fellow taking more than his share of the good things, and wasting them foolishly, we say, "He is going the whole hog." We find, also, that the sheep has done its share, as well, for we call a bad boy in a family, "the black sheep," and when we catch a youth winking at a girl, we laugh and say that "he is making sheep's eyes."

But no other animal has been so closely associated with man as has the dog, and as a result we find many peculiar expressions. We hear of a husband and wife quarrelling, and we say, "They are leading a cat-and-dog life." We hear of a friend who has gone astray, and we say, "He has gone to the dogs." We hear of a useless, good-for-nothing fellow, and we call him "a dead dog." Some man does a mean, contemptible thing, and we class him as "a dirty dog." We come in contact with a cranky, cross old fellow, and we say he is "a surly dog." When war breaks out, we say, "The dogs of war are let loose." When some one is giving it to us good and hard, we tell him "to call off his dogs." If we are not getting along well, we console ourselves with the thought that "every dog has his day." In the game of life we see innocent men accused of wrongdoing, some of which always sticks, and we think of the expression, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." The wife tells us she has some article for which she has no use, and we tell her "to give it to the dogs." We hear of a man who is always talking, and we tell our friends confidentially that "barking dogs seldom bite." We place an old man in a new position; he cannot master the tricks of the trade, and tells us sadly that "old dogs cannot learn new tricks." In the morning after a night at the club, our friends prescribe "a hair of the dog that bit you."

In fact, if we take all animals, and study language in relation to them, we will be surprised at the thousand and one expressions that have crept into our language as a result of their peculiar traits. Surely we can exclaim, "They are dumb, but yet they speak."

DUNCAN W. JOHNSON.

Ottawa, Ontario, July 15.

ALFALFA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The etymology of alfalfa, the name of a well-known variety of lucern (*Medicago sativa*) is, I believe, wrongly given in our dictionaries. The Century Dictionary states that it comes to us from the Spanish, and further says that "it is said to be from the Arabic *alfaçfaç*, the best kind of fodder."

This assumes that the first syllable is the Arabic article *al*, which begins so many Arabic words adopted into European languages. The Century Dictionary does not give its authority; but I find the same derivation in Roque-Barcia's great Spanish encyclopædic dictionary, whence I presume Murray's Dictionary also took it. Murray says "identified by Pedro de Alcalá with Arab. *alfaçfaç*, the best sort of fodder."

Roque-Barcia is untrustworthy; and I think that any trained etymologist would hesitate to accept a derivation involving such a violent change as that of *alfaçfaç* into *alfalfa*, or even into *alfalfez*, which is another and an earlier form of the word in Spanish. Moreover, the source of error is evident, since *fiçfiç* (from the verb *façfaç*) is the Arabic name of this very plant.

I believe that the true etymology may be traced as follows: The first syllable of *alfalfez*, the older form, and therefore the best to trace back, is not *al*, the Arabic article; but the word *alf*, beginning with the guttural *ain*, which few Europeans can pronounce, and which is usually represented by a simple *a*. This word means fodder.

Your readers, even without special knowledge of Arabic, will readily understand the Semitic construction whereby the article standing between two nouns comes to represent the English "of." A grammatical analysis of this construction would here be out of place; but an example familiar to your readers is the title "Sheich-ul-Islam," which means "the Elder of Islam."

Alfalfez (alf-al-Fez), then, is merely the fodder of, or from, Fez. The Spaniards, or the Moors, doubtless introduced this kind of fodder from Morocco (Fez), and hence the designation.

FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

Geneva, N. Y., July 21.

Literature.

SAINTSBURY'S PROSODY.

A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day. By George Saintsbury. Vol. III, from Blake to Mr. Swinburne. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

The three volumes of this history of Prosody stand beside the equal bulk of the history of Criticism as the greatest work yet accomplished by the most indefatigable of English critics. If a comparison is to be made, we think the Prosody more valuable than the Criticism. Some experience with the latter as a reference book has brought us to the conclusion that quite as often as not Professor Saintsbury misses the real thing that a particular critic signified—if he does not actually pervert it. In the Prosody, on the contrary, so long as he deals with pure poetic form, he is almost invariably right. As a work for reference these three volumes are, indeed, of little value; they have nothing of the text-book or the dictionary about them, no tabulations and very few metrical schemes. The method is purely historical, and great license is taken in selecting and omitting points for discussion. The advantage of this procedure is twofold. In the first place, it permits the author to render a dry subject extraordinarily interesting, though, of course, this entertaining quality is due as much to Professor Saintsbury's inexhaustible spirits as to his mere method of exposition. Unfortunately, it must be immediately added that his spirits sometimes indulge in pure high jinks. We are ready to forgive a good deal to an author who succeeds in bestowing upon a treatise on metric all the raciness of a political squib, but we must still regret the lack of restraint and decorum which Professor Saintsbury too often seems to regard as essential to vivacity. Thus, in defence of his darling Blake, he exclaims: "If anybody objects to the 'cockney' rhyme of 'dawn' and 'scorn,' he may 'go shake his ears,' which are probably long enough to wave like the reeds that told the story of Midas." Well, "dawn" and "scorn" is a hateful rhyme nevertheless, and as a matter of fact our author scolds Mrs. Browning for less offensive faults. Professor Saintsbury might have been just as entertaining without being vulgar.

But the historical method employed by Professor Saintsbury has a more important advantage than that of interest; it leads him to a sound metrical system, and we cannot be too thankful, in a subject which has called forth more perverse writing than most others, that this book, which for its very bulk if for nothing else will take a predominant place in the teaching of prosody, does not countenance any of the pedantic fads. For

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English prosodical theory has been the victim of two distinct and belligerent pedantries. At its beginning, in the Elizabethan days, it fell a prey to the scholars who despised all things modern and tried to revive the classical world. To this end they sought to remodel English rhythms in accordance with the laws of Greek and Latin grammarians. In this they suffered a double error. They supposed, in the first place, that English verse as actually practised was entirely unquantitative; secondly, in attempting to introduce quantity they proceeded on the theory that syllables were long and short in English for the same reasons as in Latin. Thus they held that a vowel followed by two consonants was in English long, whereas a double consonant often has with us the effect of shortening. They overlooked the indeterminate quantity of our syllables, forgetting that the same syllable is often made long or short by sentence accent. The result is that the verse written by them under their arbitrary assumptions is not English, and is not even quantitative, in any sense; it has no rhythm at all.

The consequence of this fiasco was the reversion to an opposite and more persistent form of pedantry, of which the egregious Guest is the High Priest. This school will have nothing to do with classic laws, and is all for the Middle Ages. English rhythm with them was established in Anglo-Saxon times, and the invasion of Romance elements and the Renaissance has troubled but never altered the fundamental Anglo-Saxon metre. Our rhythm is purely accentual, and has nothing to do with quantity. Now, if by "quantitative" you mean the syllabic laws of quantity introduced by the Areopagus, in accordance with classic models, Guest and his fellows are right. If by "quantitative" you mean the division of the line into groups of syllables taking equal lengths of time, they are demonstrably wrong; there can be no rhythm except by divisions of time. If, on the other hand, by "accentual" you mean that these measures of time are marked off by recurring accents, Guest again is right; English verse is "accentual" and differs in this respect from Latin. If by "accentual" you mean that accent alone and the mere counting of syllables, without consideration of time, can make rhythm, Guest is wrong. That is to say, Latin verse is purely quantitative; the word and sentence accents have no recognized effect on the length of syllables, and the feet are marked off purely by the recurrence of regularly long and short syllables without regard to accent. English verse is accentual in so far as the quantity of the syllables depends largely on accent, and the feet into which a line is divided are marked off by regularly recurring accents; but English verse is also quantitative in so far as its rhythm is due to the fact that the feet represent equal quantities of time in pronunciation. Unfortunately, Guest and a succession of Teutonic "accentualists" have taken quantity and accent in the wrong way, and have, so far as was in their power, reduced English prosody to a pedantic nightmare.

Now Professor Saintsbury has been saved from these pitfalls both by his historic method and by his taste. He was in the earlier volumes rather chary of committing himself to any prosodical theory and contented himself with girding at the pedants. In the present volume, he comes more frankly into the open, and especially in his admirable discussion of Guest's system becomes himself almost systematic. The basis of rhythm with him is the foot: that is to say a line is made up of groups, or feet, of one, two, or three syllables each, these groups taking equal intervals of time in reading. Though he misses no opportunity to ridicule the "accentualists" he evidently tries to avoid the word quantity, and uses foot as a kind of non-pedantic term which will rescue him from the theoretic dilemma. But it is easy to see that he really understands English rhythm in accordance with the true meaning of accent and quantity. Nothing could be better than his summing up of the matter in a footnote at the end of his chapter on Guest:

> An article on Greek and English Accentuation in the *Eclectic Review* for 1838, and so exactly contemporary with Guest, contains a proposition which might be fruitfully handled as a text, though it can hardly be accepted as a dogma: "Accent determines that a line shall be metrical. Quantity gives it expression, harmony, variety." I should translate this: "The presence of equal or equivalent feet determines that a line shall be metrical. The constitution of those feet, with the arrangement of their pauses, gives expression, harmony, variety."

The foot is thus almost a perfect analogy for the bar in music. But Professor Saintsbury, curiously enough, after slaying the "accentualists," falls foul of the musical metrists with almost equal vehemence. No doubt he has here some provocation. Musical analogy has led to strange errors; it tends for one thing to overlook the essential fact that prosodical rhythm is a much looser affair than musical rhythm, and allows the reader far greater liberties than any musician would dare take. But apparently Professor Saintsbury's rage against the bar is due to a confusion in his own mind. He seems to think the attempt to express prosodical rhythm in musical notation results necessarily in the same distortion of pronunciation as that which occurs when verse is set to an actual and independently rhythmized tune.

Of Professor Saintsbury's many subtle observations on the rhythm of particular lines and poems, we shall not speak at length. He is here at his best and rarely, if ever, goes astray. We may instance as a specially keen stroke his thrust at the English hexameter for its tendency to "tip-tilt" its dactyls into anapæsts; and, indeed, his distinctions between rising and falling rhythms, between the iamb or anapæst and the trochee or dactyl, are always as sound as they are, by some strange dulness of metrical writers, unusual. But as a matter of fact the book is by no means confined to metrical questions; a considerable portion of it is literary criticism of the most general sort. This relieves the tedium of the discussion, and it also introduces the virtues and vices that are familiar to all readers of his other critical works. Within his own romantic sphere his taste is almost unerring, and he has something like genius in the selection of beautiful passages to illustrate his text. His present work, for instance, is notable as an anthology of quotations, often from unexpected sources, invariably well-chosen and effective. But beyond this praise cannot go, and indeed vigorous protest is needed. He writes always under the old romantic fallacy of the pure lyric; the contents of a poem, in the prosaic sense of the word, are a matter almost of indifference, and the only thing of real weight is the indefinable song quality that reaches its perfection in Blake and Coleridge. Thus "Kubla Khan" is "pure poetry" and is surpassed by the "Odyssey" only as "the hogshead is a greater health than the nipperkin." We submit that to place the iridescent bubble of Coleridge's dream, magical as its enchantment may be, beside the "Odyssey" with its freight of human meaning and its "sober certainty of waking bliss," is to speak from a cloud of German romanticism which should long ago have been dispelled. Professor Saintsbury quotes two stanzas of Blake:

> O Earth! O Earth! return!
> Arise from out the dewy grass.
> Night is worn,
> And the morn
> Rises from the slumberous mass.
>
> Turn away no more;
> Why wilt thou turn away?
> The starry floor,
> The wat'ry shore,
> Is giv'n thee till the break of day.

The poem is certainly not without its exquisite charm, but to say that one "would rather have written these lines than anything in English poetry outside of Shakespeare," is simply to stultify one's self; in the case of a writer like Saintsbury, who is the most voluminous and the best-known living English critic, to say such a thing is to bring discredit on the whole art of criticism. There is a good deal more enters into the making of great poetry than the melodious breathings of a vague revery. These errors do not belong strictly to prosody, but they are

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in Professor Saintsbury's book, and they challenge reproof wherever found.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Flower of Destiny. By Margaret Mordecai. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here are assembled five tales, ranging in dates from the seventh century to modern times, all relating to what the author is pleased to call the Serail. As a rule the foundation of each story is a single historical fact embroidered as thickly with inventions and descriptions as ever was Sultan's velvet with gold and pearls. Thus the first one, though the story "is entirely my own," is woven about the old Oriental theme of the loves of Ferhad and Sira, and the troubles which fell upon Sira's master, King Chasroes, because he tore the letter of Mohammed which summoned him to embrace the new religion. Another tale introduces Mohammed the Second killing his favorite in the presence of his soldiers to disprove their accusation that in love he had forgotten war. It seems a pity that the author, obviously competent, had not given us history trimmed with millinery instead of the reverse. As it is, she leaves a cloying impression and a haunting memory of the handkerchief-box pictures of the last century. And when will story-writers consult the nautical almanac?—

> The sun had set, . . . a glimmering light appeared behind the mountains, . . . there rose and glittered in the summer night a silver crescent, the new moon of Islam.

The Red Flag. By Georges Ohnet. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

The Lehrange-Steingel works lie on either side of the Alsatian frontier. M. Didelot, head of the French establishment, is in theory—and in politics—a Socialist; in practice a very successful and benevolent employer, who, with no idea of sharing the control or the ownership of his business with his workmen, has hitherto kept them so uncommonly well-off and happy that there has never been the least excuse for a labor-disturbance. Into this paradise enters the serpent in the form of one Stylb, an emissary of the extreme Socialists, whose real object is to supplant Didelot as deputy from the district and who succeeds in bringing about a violent strike. Didelot, however, has always his trump card in reserve: he can declare an indefinite lockout, and turn over all his orders to the German branch of the establishment; this, in his anger, surprise, and wounded vanity, he is driven to do.

The situation is interesting and affords some significant contrasts. When a French lieutenant of dragoons, sent out against the mob, with the order, "Receive blows, but do not return them," is shot dead, the troops are confined to barracks, the officers ordered not to go about in uniform, and the body of their murdered comrade is actually shipped off to Paris to avoid the excitement of a military funeral. Emboldened by this treatment, the strikers march across the frontier to call out their fellows from Steingel, and in an instant a howling, panic-stricken mob is fleeing back to France before the charge of a squadron of Uhlans.

Interesting, too, is the variety of types, not so much of character as of opinion: the sentimental Socialism of the "bon bourgeois" Didelot, facile, kindly, and shallow; the rabid class-hatred of the fanatic Grangel; the deliberately and selfishly adopted collectivism of the orator Bouillaud—and, on the other side, the simple, direct Nationalism of Didelot's soldier son, and the romantic Conservatism of his clever daughter.

Were these persons really alive, were they anything but types and mouthpieces, "The Red Flag" would be an exciting story, though as a "document" it would still suffer from the extreme partisanship of the author, all of whose Socialists are knaves or dupes, while every defender of the old order wears a halo of intelligence and virtue.

The translation is stiff, but seldom positively bad.

Those Brewster Children. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is the same kind of book as "The Professional Aunt," reviewed the other day in these columns—with a difference. The author of the aforesaid sprightly book conceived of children only as *enfants terribles*, out of whose exploits and remarks the adult is destined to extract a species of agonized amusement. The chronicler of "Those Brewster Children" also finds the infantile mind and habit a source of entertainment, but she is chiefly concerned here with the rearing of the human young as a problem. She holds a brief for the bloodless and blowless method. She regards it as wicked to strike a helpless child, the sure way of undermining its morals and compromising its future. The Brewster parents are not of the brutal sort: they believe in moral suasion and the rule of love. Their three children are saucy and self-willed. The mother is able to get the semblance of obedience out of them only by an endless process of coaxing and nagging, bribes and grieved looks. When she does try a little feeble discipline, the father, who likes to have everything comfortable about him when he gets home at night, turns the attempt to naught. There are plenty of households like this in America, but few disinterested observers are able to view them with the complacency of the present chronicler. The children are so "cunning"; the parents so tender! The horrid spectacle is understood to be that of another couple of parents, bold, bad ones, who spank their children freely with the butter-paddle, and glory in the practice. The children, instead of being subconsciously grateful to this assiduous pair, as most-normal children are in real life, become sneaks and rebels, bent only on mischief, and altogether undesirable companions for the "cunning" little Brewsters. However, the author is conscious that all is not absolutely as it might be with her favorites, and we leave the senior Brewsters revolving plans for the self-government of their children according to some vague Judge Lindsay, George Junior recipe. The author's "Afterword" is a little tract against child-beating, which ranges the uplifted slipper and the promoted butter-paddle with "the rack and the thumbscrew, the gag, the branding-iron, and the scourge." To the mind which regards torture and punishment as the same thing, there will be nothing to take exception to in this little story, unless it be the unusually feeble "love-interest" connected with a Miss Tripp and a Mr. Hickey.

In the Shadow of God. By Guy Arthur Jamieson. New York: R. F. Fenno Co.

In spite of its failure to develop successfully its conscious plot, and in spite of its crudities of form, this story has a certain quality of the soil which prevents it from negligibility. At its best, it is a tale of the Southwest by a native. At its worst, it is a series-of-incidents concerning a young man named Garner who is of no particular importance or reality. As a boy, he developed an ambition to become an "artist"; but a brief experience in a New York art school sent him back to the country without money or encouragement. So he becomes a preacher, in accordance with his parents' wishes. He develops skill as an exhorter in the fold of the shouting Methodists, and for a time aspires to be a bishop. Presently he undergoes a number of perilous adventures connected with susceptible young women, and with difficulty maintains his blamelessness. However, he has not only his religion as a safeguard, but the memory of a girl's face, seen once in the distant city. Of course the face is destined to be brought into his immediate vicinity, and its owner to become, in due time, his bride. In the meantime, he is cast out of the ministry because of a nude picture discovered in his rooms by the elders of the faith: a symbolistic painting of his own. Fortunately, it is no very long time thereafter when his art finds itself vindicated by the agency of a Fifth Avenue auction, and he is free to dedicate his genius to the interpretation of the forests and prairies of his own country. The human beings in the

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story are far more human in their weaknesses than in their alleged virtues, in descanting upon which the author inclines to the high-flown. The "shadow of God," it may be said, is that bane of crude religion which the hero identifies with all religion. The world, he says, has groped too long in this shadow: it is his purpose to lead it, by means of his art, "into the sunlight."

The pages are defaced by an incredible typographical carelessness.

GROWTH OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The American Public Library. By Arthur E. Bostwick. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The development of public libraries during the last fifteen to twenty years can be gauged by comparing Mr. Bostwick's book with Mr. Fletcher's "Public Libraries in America," which was published in 1894. Many of the activities of which Mr. Bostwick writes at some length were scarcely thought of when Mr. Fletcher wrote his book. Work with children and the schools, the distribution of books for the blind through public libraries, coöperation with museums and art galleries, co-operative cataloguing, open access to shelves, branch libraries, travelling and home libraries—now well-established parts of the activity or administration of most public libraries, large or small—are barely mentioned in the earlier book. In 1894, the only national organization concerned with the interests of American libraries was the American Library Association; now there are separate organizations of State libraries, law libraries, and "special" libraries, the last-named being such as cater particularly to the needs of special business interests. The first, and long the only, State Library Commission was that of Massachusetts, organized in 1890; at present the library interests of not less than thirty-two States are guarded by some such official authority, and in 1908 these commissions joined themselves together in a League. Thus the comparison could go on, showing how the libraries of the country have grown in importance, and their activities developed and multiplied.

Mr. Bostwick, as well as Mr. Fletcher, addresses himself chiefly to the general public, and his book should be read by those who wish to keep themselves generally informed in regard to the educational and intellectual movements of the day. More particularly, it may be hoped that library trustees will give it close attention, as by so doing they will obtain a clearer understanding of the real position and needs of the institutions they are appointed to govern. They might ponder especially those portions of Mr. Bostwick's book, in which he speaks of librarianship as a profession and of the salaries paid to the workers in libraries. These salaries Mr. Bostwick compares with those of teachers, and he shows that, while librarians are apt to receive higher pay than teachers at the outset, it soon becomes stationary, whereas the pay of teachers gradually increases. Few chief librarians, for instance, receive more than $5,000 a year, and chiefs of departments and librarians of middle-sized libraries scarcely ever reach $3,000, while the rank and file of assistants receive salaries ridiculously low. Quite often these salaries are so low "as to preclude the employment of any but those living at home in the city where the library is situated." This, the author continues, "is not conducive to improvement of assistants in quality of work and in education, and, besides, it favors the employment of those who work not for self-support, but for pin-money." In other words, the work in many libraries is done at the cost of the assistants, rather than at the cost of the community for whom the work is done: not a situation to be proud of.

The book opens with a chapter on the Modern Library Idea, the new conception of the library's aims and duties which has arisen, "together with the recent great multiplication of popular libraries in the United States—partly as a cause of it; partly, too, as a result of it." As Mr. Bostwick says, "the library is now required to be an active, not a merely passive, force; it not only preserves and guards its books, but it makes them accessible to those who want them, and it tries to see that those who need them realize that need and act accordingly." And this idea "is tantamount to a confession that the library, as a distributor, must obey the laws that all distributors must obey, if they are to succeed in the largest sense." But, and this is an important point, "the comparison of library work with trade holds, of course, only in so far as both are systems of distribution." The library is not a business concern; its purpose is the quick and efficient service of those who need it, and the introduction of business methods into the administration of a library is justified only so far as it answers this purpose. The function of the modern American library—and this holds good not merely of the ordinary municipal library, but of all libraries that do not serve exclusively a particular group of citizens and students—is twofold, to distribute knowledge and to spread literary culture. Mr. Bostwick deals with both sides of the library's function. The chapter on Reading and Reference Rooms considers the distribution of knowledge, and shows how, under certain circumstances, the library can aid in the advancement of research. There is in this chapter an interesting passage in which Mr. Bostwick expresses the hope that the library, by broadening its collections of original sources and making them available for compilers, may bring new life into the important work of compiling books for the general reader. "When the value of careful, intelligent, expert work of this kind," he says, "is more generally realized it will be done better than it is. Readers will insist upon more readable and more accurate work; publishers will cease to prize speed of execution above all else; writers will refuse to give to the public except of their best. The great mass of informational literature must be produced in this way, and the public library is its laboratory."

The chapter dealing with the Library for the Business Man and the Mechanic is one of the most important in the book, and presents a phase of library work which has so far attracted little attention and which is not sufficiently known among the classes of readers or would-be readers for whose benefit it has been developed. Perhaps the recently formed Special Libraries Association, which is to meet annually with the American Library Association, will aid in spreading the idea among the librarians of our public libraries. The demand for technical books is here, the demand that public libraries shall hold them available is growing, the general realization by librarians that this demand is perfectly legitimate is probably near at hand. In time, perhaps, the function of the library to improve the character of the books it holds available will be understood and employed even in the case of technical books; it is nowhere else so greatly needed.

At the Sign of the Hobby Horse. By Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

In these thirteen essays Mrs. Wetmore again comes forward in her vigorous manner with a plea for greater vitality of living and for greater capacity to enjoy life as we find it. But hers is no advocacy of the strenuous life in any narrow sense. She has no detailed creed to urge, and even the Ten Commandments are not insisted upon, though the impression is gathered that they are accepted by the author as perfectly proper and just. Her morality is of a large, airy sort, based upon what the ages have found to be good. Against anything looking like smug modernity or a fetich she rises with a club, and how she can wield it! Speaking of the rather *nouveau* passion for reform among writers nowadays, she says, "No hero to-day—except in our very lightest literature—will consent to own a penny until all the washerwomen in the United States have had their humble needs for 45 H. P. motor-cars supplied." She hates, too, the confidence of the literalist who believes that he has at length discovered realism, and gives him truly a stunning blow: "The dewy shimmerings in the soul of man are as

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much an actuality as fried onions or a braying ass."

Her impatience with this modern scurry and complacency of reform one might denounce as unprogressive if she did not evince at every turn a familiarity with the ins and outs of contemporary existence. The titles of the chapters would in themselves be enough to prove her strictly contemporary, having been planned with commercial skill to meet the demand for the latest catchy phrases. Here are a few of them: The Importance of Being Earnest, Common or Garden Books, Strong Meat for the Masses, The Little Member, Upon Making the Most of Life. Nor does this smartness end with the chapter titles. "Dick," she says of somebody's brother, "like most men who married, had become so absorbed in his wife's side of the family that he was almost like a stranger." She observes that Americans, in looking for a chief executive, "do not feel that they can safely trust their destinies to one who is restive under platitudes." "A kindergarten teacher, when asked where beefsteaks came from, hesitated, and then stammered forth at last that the nice, kind, good cow *gave* them to us!"

On the side of freshness of example and illusion, the book is a constant delight. But there is a serious side also to be reckoned with. The author has a firm grip on the past as well as on the present. At first her method may seem archaic. To measure our young men of to-day by the nonchalance of an epic hero reminds one a little of the manner of Raleigh's "History of the World." The reader is soon convinced, however, that her comparisons have their justification, and that her judgment is free from the bias of any given age. After her rapid but vital survey the conclusion, one feels, is inevitable that "Life is not as dark as our contemporaries would have us believe. Nor are we all weltering in blackness waiting for slum adventures to regenerate us. Ginger is still hot in the mouth, and Sir John Falstaff is a far pleasanter and more wholesome figure than these introspective, self-conscious gentlemen who are setting about redeeming humanity by toiling in the sweat-shops, and being ridiculously, tediously, and inhumanly in earnest." "The backward pull of those who have a myopic eye for the meaning of life is tremendous." The airy sanity of these essays is sure to act as a corrective on those who are committed to the futile sort of strenuosity, and to give peace and poise to those whose enjoyment of life is full-hearted and old-fashioned.

It is to be regretted that in a book of such importance two or three glaring blunders should not have been removed. To style them all typographical is perhaps straining a point. And yet such they must be, for every one knows, of course, that Plato did not formulate rules for drama, that Galileo did not say quite *per se muove*, and that the gender of *chose* does not happen to be masculine.

A History of Perugia. By William Heywood. (States of Italy Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Story of Padua. By Cesare Foligno. Illustrated by Giovanni Vianello. (Mediæval Towns Series.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

Among the many pictorial accounts of mediæval Italian cities which have been pouring forth in English during recent years, we have seen none more solid, painstaking, and trustworthy than Mr. Heywood's "History of Perugia." The author is not only familiar with his material, but he is also an open-minded student of mediæval conditions. More penetrating than earlier writers—Symonds, for instance—he lays stress on Perugia, not because it was the scene of the crimes of the Oddi, Baglioni, and other despots, but because it was a bulwark of the Papacy. He scarcely exaggerates when he suggests that but for Perugia's stanchness and effectual aid "the temporal power of the Papacy would hardly have survived the removal of the Apostolic See to Avignon." The working out of this point of view gives to his study a significance which no mere recital of the incessant revolutions could give. In addition to the chronicle, there are chapters on the mediæval city and on life in Old Perugia, which ought to disconcert those reactionaries, religious and political, who would have us believe that men were better and life nobler in the "great Catholic centuries." His description of the rule of tyranny by which her Papal suzerain requited Perugia's loyalty is noteworthy for its understatement. It may interest some readers who have heard much from Ultramontanes of the indispensableness of the City of Rome to the Pope, to learn that Pope Gregory XII actually sold "the States of the Church and even Rome itself for the ridiculous sum of 25,000 florins" to King Ladislaus of Naples (p. 284). The light which Mr. Heywood throws on Papal expansion lends to his "History of Perugia" more than local or provincial importance. There are many excellent illustrations.

There is little to be said of Sig. Foligno's "Story of Padua." It follows the usual plan of the books in this series: half the volume is devoted to an historical sketch, and the rest to a literary description of the city to-day. The history lacks focus and evolution, so that the political overturns come to have hardly more coherence than a Newgate Calendar. The guide-book part gives the point of view of a native, and so differs from most of its predecessors. It is a pity that the manuscript was not revised by some one conversant with English, who would have prevented such solecisms as "Christiandom" (p. 29), "Trivisian" (p. 51), "Parmisans" (p. 67), and "Catharinic" (p. 70). And why, in an English book, employ the German form "Ludwig" for the King of Hungary (pp. 123, 125)? Vianello's pen-and-ink sketches, like most of the others in this series, are inferior to the half-tones among which they figure.

Modern Business: Vol. I, Economics: A Practical Exposition of the Science of Business, with illustrations from actual experience, by Edward Sherwood Meade. Vol. II, Organization, by Lee Galloway; Business Correspondence, by George Burton Hotchkiss; Transportation, by James Mavor. Vol. III, Accounting, Theory, and Practice, by Leo Greendlinger. Vol. IV, Corporation Finance: An Exposition of the Principles and Methods Governing the Promotion, Organization, and Management of Modern Corporations, by William H. Lough, jr. Chicago: The De Bower-Elliott Co.

The several authors have been allowed "complete liberty in the expression of opinions and conclusions." The scope of the series is no less encyclopædic than the complete circle of modern business. The aim is to afford the equivalent of a university course in commerce and business administration to practical business men and ambitious young employees who are kept from attending routine courses of study. Each volume is supplemented by quiz questions, based upon the text. The questions are to test the reader's apprehension of the subject matter, paragraph by paragraph. The books are of substantial size; are printed legibly on a rather coarse variety of paper; and are uniformly bound in buckram backed with coarse leather.

The initial volume, intended in a way to herald the rest of the series, is by Prof. Edward Sherwood Meade. His capacity was signally instanced by his excellent volume on "Trust Finance"; and by comparison the present work merits very meagre commendation. Not but that there are parts of it which may prove profitable to the class for which it is designed. In particular, the illustrations drawn from the actual practice of large concerns and some of the discussions of particular topics, such as woman's labor, are excellent. But the general verdict must be decidedly adverse. The book reads like a gigantic pot-boiler, speedily written, and slapped together by liberal resort to scissors and paste. The editor of the series declares that in Professor Meade's book the reader will find "the keystone of the business arch." The remark suggests that the keystone is evidently of conglomerate. Not far from one-third of the contents—an assay of the first 100 pages

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yields exactly 28 per cent.—consists of lengthy excerpts from other authors.

The grounds for an unfavorable judgment upon the book are as follows: First, there are some glaring errors in scholarship. For instance, we are told that "the early Latin tribes counted their cattle by the head (*per capita*) and from this is derived the modern expression 'capital'" (p. 123). Whereas, unless most modern authorities are mistaken, the mediæval Latin expression, *capitalis pars debiti*, denoting the principal of a money loan, yielded the modern expression "capital." Indeed, "capital" was originally an adjective commonly used to modify "stock," and was at times separated from the substantive.

Secondly, the busy man of affairs and the aspiring young captain of industry are entitled to a clearer explanation of capital formation than appears in Professor Meade's mangling of Mill's unfortunate dictum. To say that "all capital, although saved, is consumed in the process of saving" (p. 76) is either paradoxical or nonsense. Cannan's little shilling primer says excellently that "saving" combines the meaning of storing up and abstaining from some enjoyment. "The addition to the stock is what is stored up, and the enjoyment which might have been immediately obtained by the labor which was actually expended in making the addition to the stock is what is abstained from." Clearly, the net addition to the stock of useful material things is *not consumed* "in the process of saving."

Thirdly, Meade's account of "How rates of wages are determined" is hardly consistent with itself. What shall we say of a paragraph whose opening and closing sentences run as follows: "In each of the classes of labor a certain rate of wages is established which is fixed by the custom of the trade and which changes very slowly" (p. 206). . . . "The standard rates of remuneration within each class are fixed by the demand for the labor of that class compared with the supply of that labor" (p. 206)? Clearly, if custom sets wages, demand and supply do not; and *vice versa*. Apparently, the laws of population, if there be such laws, are not operative upon wage levels, or not sufficiently to evoke any mention of such laws from the writer.

Most provoking of all is the general atmosphere which the volume breathes. Its philosophy is a debased copy of Samuel Smiles. It too often prostitutes the ample ideal of social welfare to the art of money-getting. Thus, "we may criticise some of the methods of Mr. Rockefeller and his Standard Oil associates, in making large profits out of railway rebates, but we can not deny that at the outset each one of Mr. Rockefeller's competitors had the same opportunity to take this advantage of the railroads that he had, nor that his remarkable success shows conclusively his greater skill at the game of business" (p. 295). After this we need not be surprised at the author's complacent acquiescence in protection as a permanent policy, nor at his approval of Trusts. For, after all, the Trust only robs the people for the people's good. "As consumers, their free income may be taken from them in the price of commodities; but this is straightway handed back to them in the form of dividends" (p. 388). Emphatically, this will never do.

The second volume is comparatively innocuous. The part on Business Organization is commonplace; the succeeding part on Business Correspondence is feeble to the last degree; the third part, on Transportation, lacks the penetration such as characterizes Acworth or Noyes, who have written much more incisively and illuminatingly upon the same general topics.

With the third and fourth volumes the series shows a decided improvement. The reviewer is not an expert accountant, and can say only that while Mr. Greendlinger's book on "Accounting" lacks the perspective which such authorities as F. A. Cleveland bring to bear upon this field, it is a thoroughgoing system of illustrating the essential cases of bookkeeping. The numerous problems and illustrations give the treatise something of the appearance of an overgrown commercial arithmetic, but probably augment its serviceability. The fourth volume, on "Corporation Finance," by Prof. William H. Lough, jr., is well done. It is an honest piece of informing work upon the methods of corporate financing; and, while making no pretensions to great novelty, it is a thoroughly useful compend, destined—as the first two volumes emphatically are *not*—to instruct and enlighten both the student and the practical man.

The Buccaneers of America. By John Esquemeling. Edited by H. Powell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

This is a reprint of an old English translation from the Spanish rendering, in 1682, of Esquemeling's original Dutch account (Amsterdam, 1678) of the exploits of certain notorious pirates, including himself, in the Caribbean Sea and the West Indies from 1666 to 1676. To this is added the journal of Basil Ringrose, a member of an expedition to the South Sea during the years 1679 to 1682. Esquemeling's story, at once translated into the principal European languages, quickly gained wide popularity, appealing as it did to the lawless spirit of adventure characteristic of his time. Doubtless, its effect was, on the whole, pernicious, despite its crude but interesting descriptions of the West Indies. By us of a later day and a higher ethical standard it can only be read with a shudder, for in a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact style it records acts of cruelty and atrocity which are almost beyond belief.

In Esquemeling's days the island of Tortuga, lying just north of Hayti, was the headquarters of these nefarious ruffians, who enjoyed the protection of its French governor, himself a sharer in their profits. From Tortuga were sent forth the majority of the forays. Complaints by Spain to the courts of London and Paris were met by the formula, "That such men did not commit these acts of hostility and piracy as subjects of their Majesties; and therefore his Catholic Majesty ought to proceed against them according as he should find fit." In other words, France and England washed their hands of all responsibility, refused to regulate the conduct of their citizens, and invited the Spaniards to look out for their own. The supineness of the Spanish crown, resulting in failure to police the Caribbean and to protect its people and its commerce in those parts, is astounding, yet it is quite in keeping with Spanish policy. When Pierre le Grand, in an open boat, with but twenty-eight men, boarded and captured a Spanish vice-admiral's flagship, he virtually served notice on all similar marauders that the Spaniards were an easy prey. His example was speedily followed by Pierre François and Roche Brasiliano, the latter being a gentle soul who roasted Spaniards "alive upon wooden spits for no other crime than that they would not show him the hog-yards where he might steal swine."

From seizing Spanish ships the step was easy to landing in troops to sack, pillage, and ransom towns on shore. One Lewis Scot did this at Campeche; Mansvelt at St. Catherine and Cartagena, and John Davis in Nicaragua. They took all the money and plate they could find, not even sparing the churches. Davis gathered in some fifty thousand "pieces of eight," or over $60,000. It was this last rover who likewise plundered "St. Augustine of Florida."

As might be expected, much space is given to Henry Morgan, one of the ablest and most ruthless of his tribe, who sacked Porto Bello, Maracaibo, the island of St. Catherine, and Panama, leaving in his wake murdered men and women and the ashes of fair cities. Those who fell into his hands were wont to receive drastic treatment, such as the rack with beating of the body and limbs; burning matches between the fingers; stout cords twisted about their heads "until their eyes burst out of the skull," "applying palm leaves burning to his face under which miseries he died"; "others had their feet put into the fire and then were left to be roasted alive." In such manner did he gain about 250,000 pieces of eight, besides "huge quantity of merchandize and slaves." Such a leader had no dif-

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ficulty, of course, in securing recruits. His force on leaving the castle of Chagres to attack Panama, in August, 1670, was 1,200 strong. Horrid as was the whole affair, one can but admire his ability and the courage and fortitude of his men as they made their way across the Isthmus, through the dense forests, some marching on foot, some poling up the streams in canoes. Why the Spaniards, knowing their fate in case of defeat, did not use their overpowering numbers to drive back Morgan's thieves and cut-throats remains a mystery. Resist they did, but in a half-hearted, ineffectual way. The tower of the church is virtually all that remains to-day of this splendid city—for a new Panama was built at a different location not far away. Esquemeling's story does not differ materially from the accepted accounts of those gentlemen of the Jolly Roger, who murdered, ravished, and burned at their own sweet will. Their only redeeming feature was their loyalty to each other and the strict observance of their own rules for dividing the spoil and for indemnifying, on a fixed scale, such as had lost eyes or limbs or become permanently crippled.

It is unpardonable to print such a book without the maps and charts which are essential to following the story, and this is particularly true where, through the lapse of time, many names of localities have undergone a change. The index is wholly unsatisfactory. It does not even contain the name of Morgan!

Ringrose, a man of considerable nautical attainments, was pilot under Captains Sawkins and Sharp in a notable cruise in the South Seas which was comparatively free irom the atrocities of L'Ollonais and Morgan. His diary is minute, containing frequent sketches of headlands, islands, and mountains, and charts drawn by himself of numerous harbors and anchorages he visited. It is a valuable contribution to the hydrography of his day.

As offering contemporaneous testimony to a revolting phase of human activity this book is valuable in the extreme, and it is interesting withal, through the quaint and graphic English of its first translator, and the thrilling episodes it records.

The Teachers of Emerson. By John S. Harrison. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50.

Dr. Harrison's book is a welcome example of the kind of study now given to American literature at home and abroad. There is comparatively little question of texts or biography in our simple, public-lived authors; for that reason, perhaps, they have not greatly tempted the German-trained investigator. It has remained for a finer scholarship to exercise itself in ideas, in the history of an author's spirit rather than in the record of his dates.

Dr. Harrison entitles his book "The Teachers of Emerson," but his preface makes clear that he means the Greek teachers. So convinced is he of the exclusive influence of Platonic ideas on Emerson, that he is disposed to deny any debt to other philosophy. Perhaps it is enough to say that one suspects a better showing might have been made for Kant, had Dr. Harrison been looking for his influence instead of Plato's. One who feels most keenly the value of this book may well balk at the author's identification of source with influence. The borrower of an idea may chance to be an initial inspiration. "Any history of philosophy," says Emerson, "fortifies my faith by showing me that what high dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture, and only now possible to some recent Kant or Fichte—were the prompt improvisations of the earliest inquirers; of Parmenides, Heraclitus, and Xenophon." As Dr. Harrison reads this passage, Kant and Fichte are not to be reckoned with as important teachers of Emerson; yet a different reading is quite possible, especially as Emerson in this address is emphasizing the present, not the past:

> The new man must feel that he is new, and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe and Asia and Egypt.

This is the one serious criticism of the book, which a different title and a slightly different treatment might obviate. And it must be said that Dr. Harrison makes a strong case for his theory, with just that fortification of exact fact, page, and date, that the minute scholar reverences. The books in Emerson's library, the dates when they were published, or when they came into his possession, his indexes and notes upon his reading, are here made to show his special and overwhelming debt to Plato as it has not been shown before.

One asks one's self, before reading far in the book, how can the epigrammatic mind of Emerson derive from the intricate thinking of Plato? To answer this objection, Dr. Harrison takes a hint from Emerson's own statement that books are for nothing but to inspire; and that the Platonists "may be read for sentences, though the reader fails to grasp the argument of paragraph or chapter." "For I hold that the grandeur of the impression the stars and heavenly bodies make on us is surely more valuable than our exact perception of a tub or a table on the ground." From this notion of reading we can expect little that is exact or accurate in Emerson's scholarship; and Dr. Harrison takes into account these limitations, either when Emerson ascribes to Seneca what he had read in Plutarch, or when through the narrowness of his own nature he arrives at defective theories of art.

The method of the book is clear from its main chapters on Nature, Soul, Love and Beauty, Art, and Mythology. The final chapter on the Ascendancy of Platonism attempts to show for how little other influences counted with Emerson. If it does not wholly convince, it at least proves that Dr. Harrison has mastered his field, and is aware of all the problems his ideas will suggest. The book is evidently the result of very wide scholarship; if it made no other contribution, its specific account of the books through which Emerson came at Platonism would be invaluable. Should Dr. Harrison investigate all the teachers of Emerson as effectively as he has the Greek ones, he might give us our most enlightening study of the poet-sage. At it is, every lover of Emerson and Plato will thank him for this book.

The Universities of Ancient Greece. By John W. H. Walden, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Part of the prevalent impatience of the study of Hellenism rests on the notion that, unequalled as was the glory of Hellas, it was impermanent. A handful of exceptionally gifted men achieved a great deal in a period of perhaps fifty years or so, with chaos behind them and Rome before. They have therefore no lesson for modern peoples whose chief aim is stability. Of course, a moment's thought explodes this error. Even if we take no account of the pre-classical period or of the Byzantine, still from Pericles to Justinian is a thousand years, rather longer, that is, than from the Norman Conquest to the present day. Throughout that not inconsiderable portion of the history of Europe, Greece dominated the intellectual life of the known world by means of ideas, and in some cases of institutions, of a complete historic continuity.

Mr. Walden's study of the educational system, without dwelling on this aspect of the almost unexampled stability of Hellenism, gives a striking, concrete example of it. After an excellent sketch of Greek education during the classical period and of the subsequent tentatives toward systematization, he dwells on the less well-known period of the actual development of the higher education on an official basis through the personal initiative of the Roman emperors of the second century A. D., and carries his narrative down to Libanius and the end of the fourth century. Mr. Walden has the art to make these latter periods, so barren in some hands, to blossom like the rose. The sophist in particular, a much-abused man, receives justice and is perceived to possess the virtues and vices of the college-professor of all ages. The

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whole literature is drawn upon, with discretion; in particular Philostratus's "Lives of the Sophists," a most entertaining work, is made to yield up some of its choicest anecdotes. A specially interesting aspect of the story is the account of the college days of various fathers of the church, whose early training explains so humanly the carrying over of Greek ideas into Christianity. From many points of view the book is a valuable compendium of all that most persons need to know of the ground it covers, while the careful and exhaustive notes are a guide for further reading. It is worthy of remark, however, that neither index nor bibliography mentions Norden's "Antike Kunstprosa," with its suggestive discussion of the sophistic as a modernizing rather than an archaizing literary movement. In the course of a sound definition of the μελέτη, Mr. Walden calls attention to an error of Volkmann's which, though palpable, has not hitherto (to the reviewer's knowledge) been publicly corrected.

Notes.

A new poem by Thackeray, entitled, "A Castaway," has recently been discovered in manuscript form. It is a translation of Béranger's "Ma Vocation," and is to be printed in the *Cornhill* for August.

From the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig is shortly to appear a facsimile edition of the forty-two line Gutenberg Bible. The plan includes a supplementary volume of introductory matter, prepared by Professor Schwenke.

Sturgis & Walton are to publish in the autumn a volume of selected passages from the "Diary of Samuel Pepys; as Christmas tokens: "Popular Carols," "Ancient Carols," "Sayings of Dr. Johnson," "Thirty Sonnets," "Lyrics from Tennyson," "Rubaiyat of Omar Khâyyâm," "Lyrics from Browning," and "Sayings from Sydney Smith"; "Young Farmer's Practical Library," edited by Ernest Ingersoll"; "Periwinkle," by William Farquhar Payson; "Leopold II, King of the Belgians," by Angelo S. Rappaport, and "West Point and the U. S. Military Academy," by Dr. Edward S. Holden, librarian of the Academy.

Funk & Wagnalls's list of books for the autumn contains "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," by Hudson Maxim; "The Training and Care of Children," by Dr. Le Grand Kerr; "The Marvels Beyond Science," by Dr. Joseph Grasset; "The Day of the Country Church," by the Rev. J. D. Ashenhurst; "Fundamentals in Education, Art, and Criticism," by Prof. George Lansing Raymond; "How to Develop Self-Confidence in Speech and Manner," and "How to Argue and Win," both by Grenville Kleiser; "The World's Childhood," by Dr. Louis Albert Banks; "Jesus: A Problem, a Teacher, a Personality, a Force," translated from the German by George William Gilmore, and "Little Talks to Little People," by Dr. James N. Farrar.

The places of Sir William Huggins and George Meredith, in the Order of Merit, are filled by Sir William Crookes and Thomas Hardy.

In a careful dissertation (University of Pennsylvania, published at Champaign, Illinois), Dr. L. J. Paetow examines "The Arts Course at Mediæval Universities with special reference to Grammar and Rhetoric." He shows that the Latin classics, which had been revised in a genuine epoch of humanism at the end of the eleventh century, exerted an ever-declining influence on the curriculum, until in the middle of the thirteenth century, "the humanistic movement died a death from sheer starvation." As causes for this decline, he points to the furor for philosophizing and theologizing, induced by the discovery of long-forgotten works of Aristotle, a new interest in the physical sciences, the rapid development of civil and canon law and medicine, and the commercial importance of the *ars dictaminis*, the precursor of the notary's art, which led to positions ranging all the way from stenographer to secretary of state. The age had some of the characteristics of our own, in which the preëminence of the physical and, especially, the social sciences tends to drive the classics to the wall.

"The Two Knights of the Swan: Lohengrin and Helyas," (Putnam), by Robert Jaffray, is not a work of original research, but it offers a good survey of the development of the famous Swan-Knight legend based on the best authorities, Gaston Paris and others. The author gives careful bibliographical references and brief analyses of the different versions, so that his book constitutes a useful introduction to the study of the legend. Some things betray, however, the hands of the amateur —for example, the citation of Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon" as an authority and similar references to an out-of-date work like Fauriel's "Histoire de la poésie provençale." The author's studies have evidently not extended to the Arthurian romances. Citing Fauriel, he remarks: "He instances a prose-romance wherein the author states that the book containing the history of the grail was brought to him from heaven by Jesus Christ in person!" This prose-romance is, of course, the so-called "Grand St. Graal," which since Fauriel's day has been rendered accessible in no less than three different editions. The second note on page three contains two errors, "Bologne" for "Boloyne" in the title of Caxton's "Godeffroy of Boloyne," and "reviewed" for "reprinted"—for Miss Colvin did not merely review, she reprinted Caxton's work in the Publications of the Early English Text Society, (1893). It may be added that "miles," which Mr. Jaffray translates "soldier," should be translated "knight." It was the regular word for "knight" in mediæval Latin.

Besides his humor, Mark Twain's chief gift as a speaker was an ability to tell a story dramatically. His gift included also a power of concealing the careful preparation which William Dean Howells tells us, in explaining the humorist's curious system of mnemonics, was Mark Twain's practice. This dramatic quality is well brought out in the volume of his "Speeches," issued in the uniform edition (Harper). Of the hundred-odd selections given here, the most have as basis stories illustrative of the subject, told rapidly and simply. One of the best of this sort is the tale of the drinker who unwillingly put in an application for membership in a temperance society, sailed the next day on a three years' voyage, on which he kept the pledge in spite of longing and temptation, and returned to resign only to find that his name had been blackballed originally. Mark Twain's extravagant imagination made rich material, too, of nearly everything he approached; the speech which appropriately ends the volume, his dissertation on morals, delivered upon the occasion of a dinner given upon his seventieth birthday, is inimitable. He rarely attempted oratory, although in his few efforts he succeeded by evident sincerity of emotion, and by the directness of his words. His appreciation of the worth of brevity is apparent throughout the book, which presents, on the whole, an excellent view of him in his frequent rôle of speaker.

"The Library and the Librarian," by Edmund L. Pearson (Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vt.), is the second number of "The Librarian's Series," edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent. Its author has for some time been known in the inner circles of the library world as the literary wit of his profession, but during the last few months, through his clever literary hoax, "The Old Librarian's Almanac," and the confusion it has brought upon so many learned reviewers, his literary gifts have received wide recognition, both in the library and in the literary press. The present volume will materially add to the reputation thus gained, and, in spite of its brevity, may fairly entitle Mr. Pearson to a first place among the literary interpreters of his profession. The book consists of some fourteen sketches, all of them setting forth with a happy mingling of fact and fiction some characteristic picture, episode, or problem of the modern public library. Throughout the sketches there runs a vein of whimsical criticism, touching impartially now on the misconceptions, idiosyncrasies, and absurdities of the library-using public, now on the weaknesses of library trustees and administrators, and now on the fads, follies, and exaggerations of the modern, trained librarian. Both for the librarian who wishes to see his fact clear and to see it whole, and for the outside public who wish a happy introduction into the librarian's world, the book will prove as profitable as it is delightful.

English and American publishers are conspiring at present by their numerous anthologies to disprove the old belief that French poetry is unpoetical. The latest book is Francis Yvon Eccles's "A Century of French Poets" (Dutton). This handsome volume of library or presentation copy aspect is prepared after the plan of a textbook, with introduction, notices, commentaries on versification and language. The best criticism is, perhaps, to be found in the preface of the editor himself, who has appreciated the qualities and defects of his own work: the heavy and ornate style of the introduction, the irrelevance of some of the notes, the selection of poems based more on personal liking than on the con-

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sensus of critical judgment. But the book is a scholarly one; the editor knows well, not only the works, but the lives of the nineteenth-century poets, and though some readers may be puzzled at the omission of old favorites, others may be interested in extracts from less-known writers, whether true poets or eccentrics. In view of Mr. Eccles's own statements, specific comment on omitted or included names would be superfluous. His chrestomathy will help to make French poetry better known to foreigners.

P. S. King & Son of London have published a third edition of "People's Banks," by Henry W. Wolf, who for years past has been endeavoring to transplant to English soil the methods which have been employed in various European lands to furnish elementary banking facilities to the multitudes whose means are too small to bring them into vital connection with ordinary commercial banking. Such banking seems trivial in the details at first sight, but when we learn from official reports that 919 "people's banks" of the Schultze-Delitzsch type in Germany dealt out in advances of various kinds during the year 1908 the sum of £175,000,000, the great economic significance of the movement is beyond question. The author, however, is inclined to rate the moral gain from this coöperative self-supply of credit to the poor as of greater importance than the economic. The one new chapter in the present edition discusses and condemns the tendency of the state, in certain instances, to stretch out its paternalistic hand and "assist" the movement by providing funds at a low rate of interest. Both on the moral and on the economic side he is convinced that this official interference is wrong in theory, and he succeeds in producing considerable evidence that this inner weakness has already disclosed itself in untoward results. The difference between a coöperative banking organization of comparatively poor people formed, financed, and managed by its own members and one thrust upon a similar community by the state is just the difference between self-reliance developed and maintained from within and self-reliance undermined from without. Mr. Wolf's volume would gain greatly by condensation and more systematic arrangement, but even as it is it deserves careful study.

In 1885 the Rev. J. R. Bloxam completed in seven volumes his well-known "Register of the Members of Magdalen College, Oxford." Ten years later the first volume of a new series, designed to supplement and correct the former, was issued under the editorship of the Rev. W. D. Macray, editor of Clarendon's History and Correspondence and other similar works. This series has now reached its sixth volume (1821-1880), with one more volume to come, carrying the record to the present time. It carefully avoids duplicating the entries of Bloxam, so that the accounts given in both series must be consulted for the whole period of four and a half centuries. But it contains, what is not in Bloxam, a very complete set of extracts from the registers and bursars' accounts relating to gifts, subscriptions, and appointments, beginning as early as 1454, and closing with December 17, 1880. The last entry records the death of the college steward at the age of seventy-nine, after a continuous service of fifty-one years! The biographical and financial items are chiefly of interest to the members of the college and to Oxonians at large, but the occasional details of management have a value for the history of university education, wider even than that possessed by Bloxam's chronicle.

The literature of American political history receives an interesting accession in "The Federalist Party in Massachusetts to the Year 1800," by Dr. Anson Ely Morse (Princeton: Published by the University). Prepared in the first instance as a doctor's thesis, and preserving, in its voluminous footnotes, the traditional character of such undertakings, the work is of broader scope and more general interest than its title might indicate. While the details of local party origin, management, and growth are not neglected, they are not allowed to overshadow the larger questions of the influence of national affairs on State politics. Students will find of most value the account of the effect of the French Revolution upon both Federalists and Republicans, and of the attitude of the clergy, Federalists almost to a man, towards their political opponents. The political aspects of American ecclesiastical history, indeed, have nowhere a more striking illustration than in Massachusetts at this period, when the Congregational ministers, thoroughly alarmed at the growth of political radicalism and religious indifferences, rose in their might to combat the allied forces of Unitarianism and Universalism, Jeffersonian republicanism, and Paine's "Age of Reason." Dr. Morse, basing his work on a painstaking study of newspapers, sermons, and local histories, has on this point made a contribution of real importance. Fifteen appendices, some of them in reality small monographs, contain a good deal of matter that might well have been incorporated in the text.

To the enthusiast who has spent many spring seasons studying the tricks of fishing for brook and river trout, G. E. M. Skues's "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream" (Macmillan) is a mine of timely suggestions. But the writer, though an Englishman, is a traitor to all the fondest fancies of British anglers. He dares to advocate wet flies as a substitute for dry flies under certain conditions, even on the chalk streams. It is gratifying to the American fisherman to hear that a Briton thinks there is quite as much art in hooking "the big fellow" with a half-submerged lure as with a floating artificial insect; all these years English writers on fly-casting have scorned the wet fly as an amateur's decoy, and Mr. Skues has been the object of good-natured bantering in sporting periodicals because of his heresy. "It is true enough," he says in summarizing, "that there are days and times when the dry fly will beat the wet fly hollow, but there are days when the converse is the case, and from experience I can recommend the trial of the wet fly on those dull, nervy days of the milk-and-watery glare." Aside from discussion of the wet and dry, Mr. Skues's book must prove wonderfully good reading to fly-casters of both schools. It contains scores of attractive anecdotes from the brookside, told entertainingly and with an expert's regard for details. The writer knows his favorite sport in all its phases. Yet he is a wise enough fisherman to confess that even a lifetime angler cannot explain the tastes of the speckled trout. "Indeed, why a trout should take any artificial fly is a puzzle to me," he says. "The very best are not really very like the real thing."

In a monograph of forty-two pages, Frau von Bartels (wife of the well-known Munich artist) attempts a new interpretation of the famous Bronze Liver of Piacenza, found in Italy thirty years ago, which has been the subject of much discussion among archæologists. It is now universally admitted that the bronze really represents the model of a liver—probably a sheep's liver—and that it was used as an object of instruction in an Etruscan centre to teach the Etruscan method of divining the future through the liver of a sacrificial animal. We know that this method of divination was in vogue among the Etruscans, as among the Babylonians, and that, through Etrurian influence, it was introduced into the Roman cult, though subsequently the Romans added to the inspection of the liver the examination of the heart and lungs. The Bronze Liver of Etruria dates from about the third century before our era, and is, therefore, a comparatively late object. It is, however, according to Frau von Bartels, a copy from a much earlier period; and instead of regarding the Etruscan words found on the object as the names of deities, our author is inclined to believe that they revert to the early period when what afterwards became names of deities were used to convey certain attributes and conceptions connected with the gods. She believes that these attributes formed the starting point for a semi-mystical development of religious ideas; and, as a further consequence, the parts of the liver and the markings on the liver represented on the object were likewise interpreted symbolically. Thus the finger-shaped appendix of the upper lobe, which played a great part in divination, became the Divine Mountain, regarded as the dwelling place of the gods. In the same way the markings on the liver became the regions to which the gods were assigned. Passing in this way from one part of the object to the other, she reaches the conclusion that this Bronze Liver is a reproduction of the Etruscan cosmological system. To follow her ingenious discussions in detail would carry us too far; indeed the monograph must be read carefully in order to obtain a definite view of the theory propounded. Its ingenuity and suggestiveness cannot be denied even by those who are not able to accept all the deductions. ("Die Etruskische Bronzeleber von Piacenza." Berlin: Springer.)

A frightful famine is the chief event in the three years covered by the fourth volume, "The English Factories in India," of William Foster's excellent calendar of documents relating to the English in India (Frowde). Millions of the natives perished from bad harvests, followed by great floods. "Manie dead bodyes laye uppon the hye way; and where they dyed they must censume of themselfes, beinge nobody that would buirey them. In the cytty of Suratt ther is so great a stanch of dead persons that the sound people that came into the towne were with the smell infected, and att the corners of the streets the dead laye 20 togeather." So runs a typical letter. But in spite of the checks to gain due to the famine, to the seductive practice of pri-

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vate trade by the company's own merchants, and to the Dutch and Portuguese competition, the English trade in India and the Persian Gulf steadily throve. The Portuguese were especially troublesome, but were no match for the English in an actual conflict. In 1630, forty-five Portuguese frigates could not beat five English vessels; in a land-fight, which made a great impression on the natives, the Portuguese were routed and driven to their ships, with a loss of several killed and twenty-seven prisoners, while the only loss on the English side was a fat corporal, who drank too much cold water when overheated.

Hunter and other historians have been accustomed to give 1633 as the date of the first English venture to Bengal; a letter on p. 183 shows that two years prior to that date the English made a voyage thither, laying "a good beginning to a future hopefull trade." A letter of 1632 suggests a considerable consumption of punch by some of the agents. This appears to be the earliest mention of this famous drink, the name being derived from the Hindu panch, "five," in allusion to the number of ingredients used. Many of the merchants, on the other hand, had much of the Puritanical spirit. Fines were imposed for non-attendance at daily prayers and divine service on Sundays. There were many complaints and regulations against drinking, gambling, filthy talk, and the "multitude of sacrilidgious and abhominable oaths, which are imitated by the heathen people who have learned to stamer a little English." It is interesting to note that Henry Hudson's son, Richard, appears several times in these pages. In 1614, when practically no hope remained that that famous explorer would ever be seen again, his "wife or widdowe," as she is pathetically termed, implored the East India Company to give employment to Richard; this the company did, "conceyvinge that therein they were partly obliged *in charitye* to give assistaunce, in reguard that his father perished in the service of the commonwealth." The frontispiece is a reproduction of Van Dyck's portrait of the Earl of Denbigh, who was the first English nobleman to go touring in the East. He was proud of the tour, and the portrait shows him dressed in a semi-Indian costume and attended by an Indian servant, with a background of tropical scenery.

A little volume on the "History of Caste in India," by Shridhar V. Ketkar of Cornell University (Ithaca: Taylor & Carpenter), attempts to give a new interpretation of the vexed question of caste from the point of view of a native scholar. Mr. Ketkar protests against the translation of *varna* as caste; but this is not a new idea. It is only because the idea of caste is foreign to us and because *varna* was originally rendered by "caste" that this remains a convenient word with which to translate what in strictness should be "class" or "order." Yet the correct word for caste was constantly interchanged by the Hindu writers themselves with the word *varna*, and even Manu, with whom Mr. Ketkar is chiefly concerned, is not consistent in his use of the words. Manu's date is put rather late by Mr. Ketkar, who assigns him to the third century, A. D., chiefly on the ground that the Andhras are mentioned in Manu as a low caste, which, as Mr. Ketkar thinks, could happen only when the Andhra race of warriors was sunk to a low level, as it was in the third century. In his ethnological appendix Mr. Ketkar criticises Risley, and maintains that even the Dravidians, in fact, all the people of India, "with the probable exception of the Bengalese and the northeastern frontier tribes," are Caucasian. This is a view requiring more arguments in its favor than are given by the author in the present monograph, and more space to discuss than the limit of this note permits. As Mr. Ketkar promises to write a series of monographs, he will probably take up the subject again. At present it seems to be as inconclusive a suggestion as that given to the world a few years ago in regard to the "Aryan" Ainos of Japan. Mr. Ketkar, by the way, makes a timely protest against confusing "Aryan" and racial characteristics. To the Hindu the word *arya* was not ethnical but ethical. Arya was noble; an Aryan was a gentleman, of whatever race. Yet even here it must not be forgotten that the "noseless" people mentioned in early Vedic times show race-signs *not forgotten later on* when the "regenerate" (high-caste) Hindus are particularly described as having "fine noses."

Sir Thomas Holdich, whose previous volumes on the "Indian Borderland" and "India" have already been favorably noticed in the *Nation*, adds this year a third volume to the series of his instructive works, and in "The Gates of India" (Macmillan) gives a narrative of the history of the borderland to the west and northwest of India, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Seistan, etc. He supplements the accounts of ancient writers with his own rich experience of twenty years' wandering through these countries, and the result is a volume made up of history and modern geography, which contains all that is known about the rude barbarians without the "Gates," from the time of the early explorers to the present. Sir Thomas concludes, as a political moral to his tale, that "we must have men and material sufficient . . . to guard these gates when open, or to close them if we wish them shut." Less reliable is his extraordinary statement (p. 241) that Merv had "Christian congregations, both Jacobite and Nestorian, about 200 (sic!) A. D." As Nestorius lived in the fifth century and Jacob Baradai, founder of the Jacobites, in the sixth, one wonders whether the authority for this palpable *lapsus* is the printer's devil or merely one of those erratic historians who derive all Christianity from the farther East. American readers will be interested to see that more than sixty pages of this work are devoted to "American Exploration" in Afghanistan, being a résumé of "Masson's weary walk" in the thirties of the last century. "Fifty years elapsed before the footsteps of Masson could be traced with certainty. As an explorer in Afghanistan he stands alone. His work has never been equalled."

"Germany of the Germans," by Robert M. Berry (Scribner), is an English compilation of heterogeneous facts about various aspects of the German empire of to-day. In spite of the author's disclaimer, the work is hardly more than an ill-digested mass of statistics. "The facts are given: the reader is left to draw his own conclusions." We have not been sufficiently interested in the book to undertake any certification of the figures. They seem to be authentic, and American readers may find the compilation a convenient source of information about contemporary German politics and commerce, as well as national and municipal enterprises of many sorts. Mr. Berry would have done well to limit himself to these practical matters. His account of the organization of the empire, following a somewhat gossipy chapter on the Emperor, is, though it contains nothing new, the most readable part of his book. The chapters on literature, music, art, and philosophy are grotesquely inadequate. There are some thirty miscellaneous illustrations.

The number of matriculated students attending the twenty-one universities of Germany during the present summer semester is 54,845, including 2,169 women. A year ago there were 51,700, and ten years ago 33,700. Besides these matriculates there are 2,686 men, and 1,226 women as hearers, making the whole number in attendance 58,757 (55,554 last year), of whom 27,577 (25,638) are in the ten Prussian universities, 9,369 (9,074) in the three Bavarian, 5,297 (4,931) in the two Baden, and 12,602 (12,057) in the remaining six universities of the empire. As regards the departments of study, 15,475 (13,911) devote themselves to philology, philosophy, and history, 10,682 (9,462) to medicine, 7,937 (7,385) to mathematics and natural science, 2,406 (2,198) to cameralistics, or finance, 1,264 (1,238) to dentistry, 1,840 (1,766) to Catholic theology, and 2,507 (2,398) to Protestant theology; only jurisprudence, 11,323 (11,657), and pharmaceutics, 1,147 (1,154), show a diminution of students in attendance. Of the several universities Berlin takes the lead in numbers with 7,902 (7,194); then follow Munich, 6,890 (6,547); Leipzig, 4,592 (4,581); Bonn, 4,070 (3,801); Freiburg, 2,884 (2,760); Halle, 2,451 (2,310); Breslau, 2,432 (2,347); Heidelberg, 2,413 (2,171); Göttingen, 2,353 (2,239); Marburg, 2,192 (2,134); Tübingen, 2,061 (1,921); Münster, 2,007 (1,760); Strassburg, 1,964 (1,935); Jena, 1,817 (1,606); Kiel, 1,760 (1,593); Würzburg, 1,429 (1,369); Königsberg, 1,381 (1,293); Giessen, 1,334 (1,271); Erlangen 1,050 (1,158); Greifswald, 1,029 (967), and Rostock, 834 (743). Erlangen, alone, has fewer students than last summer. The increase in Leipzig and Strassburg has been very slight, in Kiel, Jena, Berlin, Munich, and Münster considerable. In the list Halle has risen from the seventh to the sixth; Heidelberg, from the ninth to the eighth; Tübingen, from the twelfth to the eleventh, and Münster, from the thirteenth to the twelfth, while Strassburg has fallen from the eleventh to the thirteenth. Instead of 2,169 women, as at present, there were 1,432 a year ago, 320 three years ago, and 137 five years ago, when women were admitted only to the universities of Bavaria and Baden, and to Tübingen in Würtemberg. Of the 2,169 female students, 1,700 are Germans and the rest foreigners, mostly Americans and Russians. The increase in numbers is due in a great degree to the fact that girls have recently obtained in Germany better facilities for pursuing preparatory studies. In this semester 1,217 (699 a year ago), devote themselves to philology, philosophy, history, and kindred branches, 512 (371) to medicine, and to the natural sciences, 313 (245), to political economy, 55 (42), to dentistry, 38 (44), to law, 26 (23), to evangelical theology, 4 (4), and to pharmacy, 4 (4).

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The only decrease is in dentistry, and the greatest increase in philology, philosophy, etc. We may add in this connection that in France there are now 3,862 female students in the universities, of whom 2,042 devote themselves to philology and literature, 1,074 to medicine, 508 to natural sciences, 152 to jurisprudence, and 86 to pharmacy. Of the women in German universities nearly one-third, 626 (417), are in Berlin, 204 (114) in Bonn, 200 (110) in Göttingen, 191 (138) in Heidelberg, 176 (148) in Munich, 116 (90) in Freiburg, 100 (64) in Breslau, 68 (38) in Marburg, 68 (25) in Münster, 60 (38) in Greifswald, 56 (30) in Königsberg, 41 (14) in Jena, 37 (26) in Halle, 36 (30) in Giessen, 35 (9) in Tübingen, 34 (18) in Kiel, 34 (21) in Strassburg, 22 (16) in Erlangen, 9 (9) in Würzburg, and 5 (0) in Rostock. There are also 1,226 women as hearers, making the whole number in attendance 3,395.

Léopold Victor Delisle, a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, and for many years administrator-general of the department of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale, died last Friday in Paris, at the age of eighty-four. He was a member of several learned societies interested in the history and the antiquities of France, and wrote extensively on these subjects. His works include, "Etudes sur la condition de la classe agricole et l'état de l'agriculture en Normandie au moyen âge," "Histoire du château et des sires de Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte," "Le Cabinet des manuscrits de la Bibliothèque nationale," "Chronique de Robert de Torigni," various palæographical and bibliographical essays, together with descriptions and summaries of important manuscripts.

Science.

To those familiar with the doctrine of his earlier books, the latest volume of the Inner Life Series, by Horatio W. Dresser, with the title, "A Message to the Well," (Putnam), brings little that is really new. To others it may be a welcome restatement of the principles of mental healing. The title belongs more exactly to one of half a dozen answers to appeals for personal help or explanation, here printed together. Some of these have already been published as contributions to periodicals. Much of the book is concerned with a discussion of the Emmanuel movement which is looked upon as "legitimately carrying out the therapeutic practice of Mr. Quimby," in which, however, the individual is a mere agent, the real power coming from above. Essentially his criticism of the movement is that it is not enough to trust to subconscious processes and suggestion, even though these play a certain rôle; there must be a more fundamental conception of the reality of a divine presence. This idea is elaborated in a fashion which will interest all who care to follow these questions further.

"The Boys' Book of Airships" (Stokes), by Harry Delacombe, is by no means a child's story-book, as one might suppose, but a simple, well-written narrative of the evolution of the various types of aerial crafts; and, though intended primarily for the young, it is none the less interesting to the adult. It should seem as if the author had greatly deplored the relative inactivity of his countrymen, the English, as compared with the French and the Germans, in matters pertaining to aerial navigation. As a consequence of this, his avowed purpose in writing the present book was to interest the rising generation of Englishmen in aeronautics, with the underlying hope that he might inspire some of his young readers to adopt the profession of an aeronaut. In his opinion, "it will be an honorable and glorious profession, affording opportunities for distinction which could scarcely occur on the earth or sea-level, and becoming of greater importance every day." Rather more than two-thirds of the volume is given over to a consideration of the history of human flight up to that point where the coming of the petrol motor, a few years ago, and its adaptation to the glider made possible the successful use of the aeroplane proper. The greater proportion of the rest of the book contains little more than a succession of descriptions of the leading types of heavier-than-air machines of the present day. Reference is made, here and there, to the more comprehensive and scientific treatises which deal with the whole subject of airships, in case the reader should wish later on to get more light upon various questions which do not fall within the scope of the present treatise. The volume contains nearly one hundred illustrations, and the press work is of more than usual excellence.

A new number of the Rural Science Series, "Fruit Growing in Arid Regions," by Prof. Wendell Paddock and Orville B. Whipple (Macmillan), fulfils its purpose satisfactorily. It is addressed to growers in the inter-mountain country of our West, and in a well-illustrated volume gives the result of recent experiment and orchard practice. But while we can recommend this book for use in the arid regions, we are more struck by its value for the Eastern orchardist. It will teach him that only by following Western methods can he hope to equal the better grade of Western fruit. Not until he learns to cultivate and prune and thin scientifically will he be on the way to make the best of his natural advantages of locality and climate. Even then he will not be able to sell in the cities of his own State until he learns to pack attractively and to organize for marketing.

Music.

Instruments of the Orchestra and Precursors of the Violin Family. By Kathleen Schlesinger. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $6 net.

The author of this volume has attacked one of the most difficult problems in musical history—the genealogy of the violin—in a volume of 441 pages, and proclaims boldly that the conclusions reached by her differ entirely from those of such authorities as E. J. Payne, E. Heron Allen, Antoine Vidal, Laurent Grillet, Fétis, Julius Rühlmann, and others, who derive the violin from the Moorish rebab for the reason that, as far as is known at present, the bow was first used with that instrument in Europe. Nor does she side with those who trace the ancestry of the violin to the Welsh crwth. The immediate precursor of the violin was, in her opinion, the guitar-fiddle, or bowed guitar, which in its perfected form was known in Italy as the lyra; and from that she traces the ancestry back to the Greek kithara, with much evidence of careful and independent archæological research. The problem is so involved and obscure, and so many quaint instruments not among those fittest to survive come into consideration, that it is impossible in a review to indicate the line of argument, or to pass judgment on her claim. As she herself admits, we still have almost everything to learn concerning the archetypes of European instruments in the East, and the manner in which they were made known to the nations of the West. Not a few experts will be likely to object to her attempt to make the soundchest (instead of the bow) the most important characteristic of the violin, thus shifting the line of argument. At the same time, the writer of these two volumes deserves unstinted praise for the way in which she has studied and delved and presented the results of laborious research. Her work will be indispensable to all who are interested in the genealogy of the queen of musical instruments. The bibliography, a monument of painstaking labor, takes up 99 pages, while the index fills 53 pages.

In the case of the other orchestral instruments, to which the first volume (212 pages) is devoted, only a paragraph is given in each chapter to the question of origin, the other points considered being construction, production of sound, compass, quality of tone, and possibilities. This volume, therefore, has a practical value, and as it is, like the other, very fully illustrated, it will interest also those who simply desire to know something about the sources of the wonderful sounds produced by a modern orchestra. There is no reference to the heckelphone or the celesta, and in the brief chapter on the viola one misses mention of the new type of instruments invented by Ritter, which so aroused the enthusiasm of Wagner. Otherwise the treatise meets all requirements. Interesting information is given as to the manner in which the problem of imitating deep church bells in "Parsifal," which Wagner was unable to solve to his satisfaction in 1882, is now dealt with. The author got her information direct from Bayreuth. The tones as heard there are a combination, being produced by (1) a large instrument with four strings, constructed somewhat on the principle of the grand piano; (2) four gongs tuned to the pitch of the four notes; (3) a bass-tuba which plays the notes in quavers, to help to make them more distinct; and (4) a fifth gong on

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which a roll is executed with a drumstick.

Art.

BERLIN ART EXHIBITION.

BERLIN, July 12.

Until the second of October, visitors to Berlin may see the annual art exhibition. The display numbers over two thousand works of art, including oils, water-colors, pastels, sculptures, and architectural models. That German art is alive—perhaps too much so—to every fad and fancy of the artistic world, an examination of this collection will show; but, happily, one also meets with the work of those who follow the Scriptural precept and "hold fast to that which is good" in the tradition of their art. By which we do not mean to extol a blind obedience to ruling conventions. It should seem, for example, that sculpture were just happily emerging from the centuries of trammel bestowed upon it by Michelangelo when he discarded all sculpture but the pure white. That a tinted cast produces a better impression than the uncolored original, the camera testifies. Of this fact modern artists are now aware, and the sculptors who exhibit at Berlin are no exception. But to return to those who cling to tradition: it should occasion no great surprise to discover a frank imitation of Turner or of Corot, but to uncover a portrait in the spirit of Memling is a distinct surprise. Yet capitulation is necessary before that Flemish-like portrait head of a girl (Mädchenkopf) by Robert Wellmann. Verisimilitude in execution, a simple but vigorous color scheme, and exquisite tone, especially in the flesh, constitute its charm.

The exposition indicates generally that the seventeenth-century Dutch interior painters still furnish inspiration. Müller-Schönefeld's Brother and Sister (Die Geschwister) has all the subtle color harmony and artfully homely composition of a Vermeer. His portrait of a woman reading (Lesende Frau) is thrilling for similar reasons. If these canvases are inferior to those of their Dutch exemplar, their inferiority lies in the lack of that lovely velvet-like finish which is the property of every Vermeer. One might mention other men like Schönnenbeck, Müller-Cassell, and Alfred Höhn, who have produced interiors of almost equal merit and of like source of inspiration.

In devoting a special room to the pictures of Julius Bergmann, the committee have made no mistake. The present writer found these canvases deeply moving. Chiefly rural in subject, they range, in their interpretation of the moods of nature, from the glaring luminosity of full mid-day to the fresh dawn of a morning, or the after-glow of an evening. Even the casual observer would remark the versatility of method—the fine adaptability of technique to subject in hand. The same remark holds true, only in less degree, of the other artists whose work is exhibited in extent. Although successful in pure landscape, Bergmann is perhaps most happy when he localizes his scene by the introduction of sheep or cattle. Never, however, does he permit his animals a preponderance over the background. Such a canvas is his Evening at the Pool (Abend am Tümpel), which one may say combines the qualities of a Corot and a Troyon. The method, while unmistakably impressionistic, is nevertheless subordinated to the subject, and does not overtly flourish the fact of its existence in the face of the observer.

Another painting of a most satisfying sort was the Rising Moon (Mondaufgang) by Max Uth. The problem was the play of the weird moonlight over a mysterious wood. Among many subjects that put a strain on one's moral tolerance it was stimulating to come across Fritz Burger's fresh and cheerful portrait of the youthful H. K. In addition to this accidental merit the portrait had real qualities of force and vividness.

The most vivid and most stenographic treatment of all was to be found in Ludwig Vacatko's Horses at the Pond (Pferde am Weiher). With but a few significant strokes he has embodied the action of the animals and conveyed the sense of motion. In the portrait of the artist and his family, by John Quincy Adams, one was also conscious of force, but of a more potential kind. The observer derived an impression as of strength held in reserve, but none the less potent. A picture that delighted me, with its skilful rendering of bluish-green water encircling a rocky ledge, was Karl Boehme's Cape St. Martin, near Biarritz. Also fascinating for its delicate harmony and cool tones was the portrait of his wife by Schulte Im Hofe. Among those pictures which did not impress at the time, but which one recalled afterwards, may be mentioned Emil Burmester's realistic wrestling-bout, and Franz Paczka's Hungarian peasants, with their audacious greens and rich browns.

As to general impressions, the writer would speak most favorably of the commendable showing of the landscapists. Sunsets are a favorite theme, and are skilfully handled. The trick of representing a shaft of sunlight streaming through a break in the clouds has been mastered by many. The glare of the mid-day sun by the seashore, the cool shade in the grove of an afternoon, and the evening forest gloom, are problems of light and atmosphere that have found clever solutions. But all these good qualities are outweighed by the negligent attitude of these artists, amounting almost to disrespect, towards their medium. I am not criticising the modern or direct method of applying pigment, although there is much to be said in favor of such under-paintings as Rubens, for example, used. The evil consists in painting merely for the moment, with no eye to the permanence of the picture. Select a canvas almost at random, and you will discover cracks and blemishes that foretell an early death, and this before the painting has passed its first birthday. If the artist paints only for the moment, or for himself, one might justly ask what is the use of ever displaying his work. And perhaps this very point of respect for medium would help us to an explanation of the secret of the old masters.

Just as landscape has discovered new fields for itself, so is sculpture reaching out for new forms of expression. At Berlin this movement interests itself chiefly in new materials. For example, the integral beauty of Günther-Gera's portrait bust of a woman was increased by the charm of the reddish gypsum in which it was worked. Rather more in the classical spirit was the bronze figure of the Sandal-Binder by Fritz Röll. Carefully balanced in an unusual position, the figure was so composed as to stand inspection from any point of view. The Spear-Thrower, by Fritz Heinrichs, possessed the same quality of four-sided composition. Classical in inspiration, but delightfully original in treatment, was the tombstone of Johannes Seiler, which represented the figure of Grief in bas-relief upon red gypsum. Captivating for its air of innocence was Johannes Götz's double portrait bust of two children. One cannot close without a reference to the many materials—bronze, marble, sandstone, gypsum, wax, and even wood—with which these sculptors have busied themselves. Some of the happiest results have been obtained in a greyish sandstone, and wood also has furnished a successful medium for not a few subjects. An interesting feature of the architectural department, perhaps appealing most strongly to one's juvenile instincts, was the collection of models ranging from department stores to cottages.

MN.

Finance.

SHOWING OF THE BANKS.

The condition of the national banks of the United States on June 30 has recently excited lively discussion. The figures of the Comptroller of the Currency for that date, as compared with those of March 29, the date of the previous showing, reveal a decrease of nearly $124,000,000 in deposits, and a decrease of less than $2,000,000 in loans and discounts. Virtually the whole of the reduction in loans was in the central and

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other reserve cities: to be exact, the reserve cities cut their loans down $63,554,280, and the islands of the sea pursued a similar course to the extent of $149,151, while the rest of the country made an increase of $61,620,273. The last item was disappointing, in view of the assertions for weeks past that the Western banks were cutting down their loans.

Still, four weeks have elapsed since June 30, and they have been exceedingly active weeks. It is possible that the true view of the Comptroller's latest figures would be to regard them somewhat in the light of ancient history. Many persons had supposed that the banks throughout the country, notably those of the West, began a month prior to June 30 to contract their loan account. The presumption is, however, that, though as long ago as that they saw the necessity of so doing, they questioned the wisdom of setting about the task precipitately. The money market is like a huge ship; it cannot turn too sharp a corner. And it is reasonable to suppose that if the Comptroller of the Currency had deferred his call until July 30, the showing of the loan account would have been much better.

Dismissing conjecture, however, and taking the figures for June 30, as they stand, one must infer that New York will be asked to play an unusually large part this year in financing the crop movement. Her ability to do so appears to have been steadily improving. Last Saturday's New York bank statement was highly satisfactory, as compared with previous statements in 1910. That excess of loans over deposits which for so many weeks was a source of uneasiness to some minds has disappeared, and its place is occupied by an actual surplus of deposits amounting to about $9,000,000. A few more weeks of decreasing loans and increasing deposits, especially deposits representing goodly receipts of European gold, should put the New York banks in a position fully to meet the exigencies of the coming months.

The most encouraging feature of the situation still resides in our ability to draw gold from abroad. Europe as a whole is in excellent condition to help us finance the 1910 crop. Her supply of the metal is adequate to her present need. In 1907, European bankers were a good deal exercised over the insufficiency of the gold supply, and did not hesitate openly to express themselves as such. One hears little of that talk in 1910; nor is there this year such a scramble for the new gold from the mines as has taken place on some previous occasions. In fact, Europe appears to regard our situation as one that requires care in the handling, but not as one which should cause her to tie her purse strings against us. Our bankers are as shrewd as any in the world in meeting delicate situations, when they have to, and this time they are fully alive to the necessity of prudence.

There are several things which, no doubt, they have in mind. One is that the farmers are not the only people that will have to be financed this autumn; another is that we shall have to rely to a much larger extent than usual on foreign money to do this financing, and must pay it back eventually. The fact that the New York banks have lately been pulling themselves together in a creditable manner to meet such coming exigencies should, to be sure, occasion no easy-going optimism. The outlook is encouraging only as the situation is properly handled.

Appearances are that the Western banks will have to draw heavily on New York banks for the remainder of the year, in order to finance their agricultural customers. The farmers, in other words, are likely to be more at the dictation of Eastern bankers than they have been for some years. We shall be be curious to note how far any extravagant notions which they may now have regarding the price of their products will be modified by this fact. Conceivably there may be a divergence of view between the New York bankers and the Western agriculturists on this point. The farmers have already made a heavy drain on the working capital of the nation, and one of the consequences has been the slowing up of other forms of industry. General industry, in fact, has been liquidating all summer: manufacturers and merchants have cut prices freely, in order to convert their goods into cash. It is but instinctive, then, to ask if the farmers alone are going to escape this movement. The final decision will rest not with them, but with the New York banks. The scale on which the latter will re-discount for the Western and Southern banks will be the governing factor in the price of our agricultural products this autumn.

It would be futile to ignore the fact that we are putting ourselves under obligation to pay back to Europe a large amount of capital. What we are borrowing now may, perhaps, tide us safely over our situation later; that is, it will afford us time to adjust our finance and industry to a more rational basis, without undue hardship. Yet there is some reason to fear that this foreign aid will be viewed by Wall Street and the industrial world as a means of recreating the boom conditions of 1909. And any such effort would be profoundly regrettable. Its positive results might not be large, for it is doubtful if Europe is advancing us the present sums with any eye to their permanent employment here. But negatively the effect might be unfortunate; anything may be considered unfortunate at this time that prevents the people of this country from seeing clearly the necessity of cutting our industrial garment a little more in accordance with the real quantity of our cloth.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, C. M., Gambrill, J. M., and Tall, L. L. Bibliography of History for Schools and Libraries. Longmans. 60 cents net.

Bailey, H. C. Storm and Treasure. Brentano. $1.50.

Bond, F. Wood. Carvings in English Churches. 1—Misericords. Frowde.

Brace, H. H. Gold Production and Future Prices. Bankers Pub. Co.

Britton, F. H. Teddie. Detroit: F. B. Dickerson Co. $1.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VIII. Robt. Appleton Co.

Curtis, C. H. The Book of the Flower Show. Lane Co. $1.60 net.

Dalton, W. Auction Bridge Up-to-Date. Wycil & Co.

Debar, J. Prohibition. Cincinnati, O.: The author.

Dehan, R. One Braver Thing. Duffield.

Demarest, V. The Fruit of Desire: a Novel. Harper. $1.20 net.

Ditmars, R. L. Reptiles of the World. Sturgis & Walton. $5 net.

Droste-Hülshoff, A. v. Die Judenbuche, with intro. and notes by E. O. Eckelmann. Frowde.

Dunning, R. C. Hyllus: A Drama. Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Gardner, E. A. Religion and Art in Ancient Greece. Harper's Library of Living Thought.

Gordon, H. L. Indian Legends and Other Poems. Salem: Salem Press Co.

Gould, F. J. The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks. Intro. by W. D. Howells. Harper. 75 cents.

Graham, W. The Enemy of Woman. London, W. C.: Mills & Boon.

Gubernatis, A. de. Pietro Metastasio. Florence: Successori le Monnier.

Hardy's. A Laodicean. Harper's Thin paper edition. $1.25 net.

Harvard University: Quinquennial Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates, 1636-1910. Cambridge.

Humphrey, L. H. The Poetic New-World. Compilation of Poetry. Holt.

Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Revised and enlarged edition. Vol. VII.—Recent History. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co.

Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. Edited with intro. and notes by J. Wiehr. Frowde.

Neale, W. The Sovereignty of the States. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.

Nixon, E., and Steel, H. R. The Bible Reader. Part IV. The Message of the Prophets, Solomon to the Captivity. London: Unwin.

Oppenheim, J. Wild Oats. Huebsch. $1.20 net.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. \Sauce-alone—Scouring. Frowde. $1.25.

Quiller-Couch, A. T. Selected Old Ballads: Selected English Classics. Seventeenth Century Characters. 2 vols. Frowde.

Rix, F. R. Voice Training for School Children. Barnes Co.

Roman History and Mythology. Edited by H. A. Sanders. Univ. of Michigan Studies. Macmillan.

Stackpoole, H. De V. The Bourgeois. Brentano.

Stebbing, W. Three Essays. Frowde.

Tilden, W. A. The Elements. Harper.

Vane, V. The Bankruptcy of Bryan Kane. Rochester, N. Y.: Bates Pub. Co.

Varney, G. L. Favorite Poems of Famous People. Vol. I. Chicago: Vaughan Pub. Co.

Wichelman, F. A. The Dangerous Currency System of the United States. The author: 10 cents.

Wilde, H. Celestial Ejectamenta. First Halley lecture, del. May 10, 1910. Frowde. 35 cents.

Willis, B., and Salisbury, R. D. Outlines of Geologic History with Especial Reference to North America. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Wright, E. H. The Authorship of Timon of Athens. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Zoëga, G. T. Concise Dictionary of Old Icelandic. Frowde. $3.40.

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